THE DAWN IN BRITAIN

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The Dawn in Britain

BY CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

AUTHOR OF

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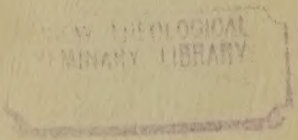

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BOOK V

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ARGUMENT

In a great battle, at Ariminum, the Italic nations are finally defeated, by Brennus.

The Earth-mother, goddess.

King Brennus journeys, with Fridia, leading with them their son Sigamer; to visit her father's house, in Almaigne. Brennus, ambushed in the high Alps, is wounded to death. He dies. His solemn funerals.

Queen Fridia and Sigamer come to Almaigne. The young king, Sigamer, rides to his uncle, Belin. King Belin sends the prince, by ship; and bearing his father's urn; unto Archigal, his son, now a king in Britain. Come to Troynovant, the young kings, Sigamer and Archigal, depose great Brennus' ashes, in his mother, queen Corwenna's tomb.

Sigamer and queen Fridia return to Heremod, in Italia. The ethling's death and high funerals. Fridia, in her late age, repairs to forest Almaigne; and thence she passeth from the world. Arthemail, son to Sigamer, conquers Cimbria.

A late nephew to Arthemail, the Second Brennus, leads a great mingled host, Eastward, forth. In this warfare, he first overruns Macedon, and slays the king of Greeks. Brennus, forced Thermopylæ, enters Hellas. Descended to Delphos, Brennus spoils the great fane of the Pythic god: but, pursued and vanquished by the heavy wrath of heaven, king Brennus slays himself.

THE DAWN IN BRITAIN

BOOK V

But when, again, of many-hewéd Spring,
Is seen the budded green, Gauls wend forth armed,
To ear, not well assured, that conquered field;
Each people with their ensigns, lords and druids.
Come speeding messengers, then, with word, from Arunt;
And warning likewise sends king Biandrante,
Of gathering great Italic armament;
To wage new warfare, with the Gauls of Brennus.
Then, who late spersed in field, draw to their camps;
Whence to the Umbrian city, Ariminum,
As foreordained was, all now march to Brennus:
Where come, the third day, enemies them enclose.
Innumerable, their power fills all the plain;
Like as an harvest field, with wavering helms:
Mongst whom were seen men, like to Romans, armed.
Three days and nights, each other, those observe,

Knowing the dreadful conflict of their arms
Must be to death, for victory ; in this strife,
Twixt kins of Italy and intruded Gauls,
Transalpine peoples. O'er Ariminum plain,
Look down, from their immortal seats, high gods ;
And tempests hurl through heaven, sign of their wrath.
Now seeing is come of one, or other, nation,
The fine ; not few, which sick, among the Gauls,
Or hurt, or weary of unhopeful lives,
Vow them, with dire rites, to infernal gods ;
For safety of their friends. To-day, those then,
These call, as were to their own funerals ;
And take of them farewell ! Hath any a debt,
He cannot solve, he it promiseth, truly, pay,
In that New Life. Those drink, to their hell-voyage.
They sith, as who already dead, sit lapped,
Apart, in shrouds ; and taste no vital food.
Those sally, at dawn, with loud chant, to their gods ;
Whose part it is bring dying souls to rest :
Straining, the most, long spears, and without shields ;
They march to death. Few, mong them, which have steeds,
These knit, with chains, to burst the enemies' ranks.
With blowing trumps, Gauls issue from the town,

Save few, which ward the city's towerèd walls ;
Wherein they leave their wives and little ones.
Lo, shining hundred squadrons of tall Gauls,
And Almains, armed ; whom dukes, as hirds their flocks,
Lead forth. The brethren kings, the middle hold :
Duke Heremod riding, lo, on his white horse ;
In Britain chariot, Brennus. Biandrante,
Marching in haste, with the Italic aids,
For risen rivers, might not to them pass :
Nor Clusium's lord might send, in aid, whom threaten,
The rest, both of Etruscan states, and Romans.
Then, as their custom is, on the green grass,
Gauls sit ; and wait first onset of their foes.
The sun shines on Italic harnessed legions !
Rank behind rank, wide-glittering waves of bronze,
They phalanxed stand. But past now midday heat,
Gave Nertha sign : then Brennus sends forth chariots,
Whose scythed shrill-running wheels, and aspect strange ;
And riders launching iron sleet of darts,
Affray, on the two horns, the enemies' horse.
Then Brennus sent out part of the *trimarch*,
Mingled with Almain runners. With dread yell,
Those hurl, and immane brunt of uncouth arms ;

Gainst phalanxed enemies, clad in bronze. Beneath
Pulse of their feet, quakes terribly the earth.
Tremble, in darkness of infernal gods,
The Italic dead. Vast pouderous cloud uprolls,
To heaven ; above the bitter gleam, in field,
In infinite homicide hands, of glaives and spears.
With immense voice, together, rush the armies!
In Gauls' midfront, lo, who, with funeral chant,
In their bleak shrouds, hurl blackened, as the night,
Not looking back ; men vowed to gods of death !
The cry of them affrays the stoutest hearts,
What for their brunt, and for their linkéd horse.
The steel, in Gauls' tough hands, Sons of the North,
Through the enemies' frozen mails, smites souls to death.
Stagger again the Italic harnessed legions,
Before strange naked nations of the North.
Vast battle reels ; and fall, on either part,
The lives of men, as sere leaves, to the earth,
Under sharp spears and glaives of thronging warriors ;
And who are trodden down, neath horses' hooves.
Sounds confused horrid din of smitten shields,
And shouts of dukes, (for gods augment their voice,)
O'er cries of dying and triumphing wights ;
Neighing of steeds, and warhorns' iron noise !

Ingenuous Gauls exceed, in furious force;
Tuscans and Umbrians, in old battle sleights.
And those fight fiercely, vowed their souls to death,
Which fell from Heremod, unto false Palarge;
Men that were cast out, from all camps of Gauls.
None pleasant meat, nor drink, sith passed their throats,
Nor any gave them fire, under their pots;
Nor heritage they obtained, with other Gauls,
Of conquered land. Like as sharp hail, that smites,
On summer field, down-beats the standing ears;
But, in that, itself fails, and molten is;
They hurling on thick phalanxed Umbrians,
Desperate of health, fall smitten down to death.
Wives issue from the town, behold, of Gauls,
In arms, and driving asses in the field,
Loaden with wine and water-skins. Those them give
To drink, that thirsting fight: and, sith, hurt warriors,
Charged upon their beasts' chines, they bear again,
Out of the battle, to Ariminum!
Descended, on an head of Apennine,
To view this mortal strife, were the land's gods.
Is sacred hill, which guirlands, like a grove,
Much smelling juniper and sweet eglantine.
Are gods, with them, of Gauls: but sit, with shields,

Gods over against gods, apart, and arms ;
And rue their divine breasts. To each, ascends
The myriad-prayer, in battle, of brave men.
This seen of Nertha, from her temple thatch ;
She, like to mavis, which, from winter spray,
Flits, sprinkling powdered snow, from aery feet,
Leapt : her sole parting from Etruscan walls,
Poured down the stones. But she, like unseen shaft's
Flight, overleapt sheen phalanxed Umbrians :
And her third step arrived at the hill's foot.
She stays, to take her majesty, a moment ;
Like that which sacred priests see, in their dreams.
Is mutable the great EARTH-MOTHER's face,
Part shining as the sun, part wimpled seen.
Her kirtle, green, is flower-dight to her feet.
Her odorous bosom, partly bare, is seen,
Full all of milky mammels, without count.
Born all live's-creatures are, out of her breast ;
And all shall, to her sacred womb, return.
Dark riddle seemed her aspect, as the world,
Was mantle, on her, spread, like Earth's green mould ;
Which baldric girded in, that seemed the seas.
Her divine necklace, chain of lightning seemed ;
That leaps, in tempest, on some lowly ground.
Seemed starry night sit on her aweful front ;

Yea, and seemed, both day and night, she, greatest
goddess ;
And new and old ; and seasons of the year :
Now smiling hope, now lowering deadly dread ;
Now damning wretched wights, for her own guilt.
Oft seemed she wax in stature and then wane ;
(Like as there fountain is, in Clusium, seen,
Of king Porsenna,) to the lowly ground.
Seemed sounding lute, sometime, the mother's voice ;
And tempest, otherwhile, of stormy god.
When Nertha seen, Earth-mother, to approach ;
Before whose divine steps, springs cyclamen,
And the crag-rose, and dainty goldilocks,
On that hill's sacred height, in the fresh grass ;
Gods reverent rise, her greatest godhead greet.
But she, sequestered her, on marble stone,
Sate down ; and myrtles veil her crystal feet.
She, wimpled, sate ; nor word, as yet, she spake.
But her benign great only Presence wrought,
That eftsoon gods appeased, on both their parts ;
Accord to Umbrians, Tuscans, their land saved,
(Lands full of fanes, with guirlands ever deckt,
And gifts ; and sweet, to them, ascending breath,
Of altars rife :) and they, to Gauls of Brennus,
Which passed the Alps, discern Italic seats.

Then, clouds discussed about them, the low field,
Glittering, with mortal agony, appears.
Enforce a deep-ranked phalanx, fenced with bronze,
Lo, strong shield-wall of Gauls and mingled Almains ;
Which, like a wood of long earth-shadowing spears.
Mongst whom duke Heremod, like a lion, fares,
Of matchless force. King Brennus godlike rides,
In Britain chariot, leading the *trimarch.*
Before them, go down squadrons, man and horse !

The sun is westing, o'er that weary plain,
When sounds in Umbrians' rearward, fearful noise ;
Warhorns and immense shout ! Turn blesséd gods,
Their divine looks. It voice is of the aids,
(Cisalpine Gauls,) which king Verpolitus leads ;
Hasting their marches, twice ten-thousand men.
Taken in this double mischief, unawares,
As twixt the twiblade of a shepherd's shears ;
Are broken, before tall Gauls, the enemies' legions !
Then press, in all the field, of fugitives.
That seen, Italic Gods, in haste, descended,
Thick twilight mist draw, down, o'er them, wherein
Tuscans and Umbrians save their weary lives.

Night fallen, stalks Horror, in that bloody plain,
Where groans of wounded sound and dying men ;
And carrion fowl, on creaking wings, alight,

From welken paths. Wolves hunt down from the hills,
To stink of battle gore, in the bruised grass.
Gauls' wives, with brands, go seek forth, and armed watch ;
And bearing wine and bread, their wounded ones :
Nor few heard wail and bitterly lament,
Which theirs have found, alas, lie, without breath !
Broad-shining, o'er that field, soars the moon-goddess.
When morrow's sun upmounts, with baneful heat,
Cumbered, is seen, with swollen carcases,
The mould ; nor spoil magnanimous Gauls of weed :
But gathered, in long rows, their warlike hands,
Strew pious dust, upon the enemies dead.
Sith borne forth infinite prey, from Umbrian tents ;
It burn, vowed to the gods, those Gauls of Brennus,
On hundred heaps. Thing not, by fire, consumed,
Or aught that might their noble hearts entice,
To lust of slothful riches and base pride,
Or faint man's courage ; they, save corn and cloth,
Cast, outforth, to swift river and sea waves.
They mar and waste even quaint Etruscan harness.
Returned then heralds of their enemies ;
They truce require of Gauls, to burn their dead.
But seen no corses, muse those messengers !
Italic mould them covers, in long mounds ;

Nor went down, naked, any chiddering ghosts,
Slain by the Gauls, before infernal gods.
Gauls purify them then, in Sena's stream,
From battle stains; and give thanks to their gods.
Sith Laon, Teo and Imolus, Umbrian kings,
Come with great retinue; and to Gauls' king Brennus,
Lighting from lofty steeds, do reverence:
Twixt whom and Brennus, peace concluded is,
On this wise and confirmed; to Sénones Gauls,
They all their soil, cede, this side Apennines.
They join then, o'er the altars of their gods,
To-day, right hands; slain common sacrifice.

In soil of fair Italia, dwell henceforth,
Gauls peaceably, which had passed high Alps, with Brennus;
Where plenteous fields, as erst in Spain, they ere.
And sith, both out of Gaul and forest Almaigne,
Valiant young warriors, from high frozen mounts,
Descended, wont, each mid-year, to their brethren,
In Italy, to arrive. And, to all such,
To keep, two years, the borders of the Gauls,
In warlike arms, of Brennus is assigned;
Then they like heritage, of conquered land,
Receive. Pass years; and as, each summer season,

Of the tall blue-eyed nations of the North,
From the vast mounts, descend, adventurous youth ;
So those high Alps, returning home, ascend
Not few Transalpine Gauls ; some to take wives,
Some sick, some ones to visit their old sires.
Other, with king Ladower, the former year,
Returned, to pay their vows, in Gaul's dim woods.
Went also up the ethling Heremod ;
Fearing lest Aella should forthfare to Woden.
Duke Heremod come again, longs homeward, Fridia,
Unto their parents, Hildegond and king Aella :
And glorious Brennus promised ride with her.
Shall wend, with them, now great-grown, Sigamer ;
Who newly, of Heremod, received manly arms.

Two months, they make them ready ; and in the next,
They part, from Vercellæ. Train of warlike men,
March with them. They, by Mantua, journey hold.
Then under the Euganean hills, whence flows
Down Athesis,[1] to city of Cenomans,
Sheep-rich Verona : and sith, by craggéd paths,
They mighty knees mount upward, of vast Alps,

[1] The Adige.

Cloud-shouldering cliffs. They pass now treacherous coasts,
Of Rhætians ; (men esteemed some salvage kin,
Of Tuscan nation.) By Tridentine town,
When Brennus fares, mongst his tall warriors,
The ingenuous Gauls do to her people no harm ;
Holding all places, to the gods of ways,
Sacred, wherethrough lie common passages.
Passed headlong Talfer and last tumbling streams,
Of Athesis, the cold ; now, in deep cleft,
They mount ; where trode is, for their beasts, uneath.
Winds beat on them, rain and sharp rattling hail.
Men cower, with frozen limbs, like icicles,
Neath frettéd craigs ; and shields depose and arms.
Lie, hidden, false Rhætians, in those crooked cliffs ;
Waiting, this third day now, to slay great Brennus.
Sudden, from height, they roll down, on Gauls, rocks :
And the erst silent valley, with huge din,
Rumbles of this dread death, happed in a moment !
Where many are bruised, of falling stones, to death ;
And shoot, on Gauls, down, Rhætians, venimed shafts.
Warriors, each moment, fall ; and men were hurt,
Ere might they take their shields and handle arms.
Twixt hauberk and bright helm, swift flying arrow,

With quivering wings, thrilled shoulder of king
Brennus!
Who journeys, as in hostile coast, in harness.
Young Sigamer wades, already, the cold stream;
Run forth in warlike arms, with his young men.
Mongst scaurs, they leap: they, climbed those craggéd
steeps,
With dreadful yells, now, in their enemies' throats,
That durst them not affront, thrust their stiff spears.
Some, soon, they, as from ladder, hurl, from rocks;
Some drive down, bounden captives, to king Brennus.
Ceased is all storm, great Brennus bleeds, alas!
Laid under rowan tree, his harness doffed.
By atrocious spasms, is the hero's face,
Rackt, which like image was of the war-god.
Smile the king's eyes, seen Sigamer safe, his son;
And seeing him thus bring, bound, his enemies.
From Fridia's eyes, radious with light divine,
Fall no weak woman's tears. Done-off her morion,
She with it hastily, to the cold brook, ran;
And water fetched, to wash the wound of Brennus.
A druid leech, lo, opens, with sharp bronze,
The hero's flesh; and venimed flint draws forth.
Eftsoon, is flower found of the healing god,
Which name men *wound-heal*, in that mountain place.

Like-hewed it is and shaped, as the sun's rays.
This, bruised, lays Fridia to the hurt of Brennus.
In that, his shooting grief, she sought appease,
With murmured spell ; uplifts, to heaven, the queen,
Her spotless hands, and to the goddess prays.
Her, Nertha, in Senogallia, hears ; and rues
The everlasting weird, that must die Brennus !
And yet such power, from far, the goddess wields,
(Though creep cold subtle venim in his veins,)
To Fridia's whispered spell, that eftsoon cast,
In slumber deep, the Briton hero lies.
She, like an unseen wind, herself arrives :
Nor long remains ; unmeet were blessed gods,
To look on mortals' pain, and dying grief.
Covering her face, she, mother, lifts her feet ;
And in a moment, passed to forest Almaigne.
Who slain, men bury, in that cragged place,
Delving uneath : who wounded, they set, part,
On their few beasts ; part which can march, aid forth,
Upleading and upbearing, by the hand.
Young Sigamer, litter, hath prepared, in this,
Of rowan boughs ; whereo'er forth-spreads the prince,
On soft-strewed ling, his shining upper weed.
Then noblest Gauls and Almains vie, by turns,
The sire bear forth, (their shoulders, chiefest warriors

Stoop ; mongst whom some ones now were hurt, of
Rhætians,)
In weight of sleep. Gauls say, and might men thus,
Bear stricken Brennus, past vast bergs of Alps ;
Their nations' gods should him revive, they trust.
Strong men, made gentle, for the love of Brennus ;
Those tread, in measure, in that mountain path.
By him, aye traces on white wayworn feet,
Ministering to her loved spouse, now hardly in life,
Queen Fridia, ah ! weary in heart. She prophetess
Seeth, in herself, how little hope is left :
But, in his fresh years, end, must godlike Brennus,
Mongst high waste Alps ; and mount the hero's spirit,
By fire, to stars. But aye his, yond vast mounts,
Renowned, (even mongst high ever-living gods,)
Victorious warfare, shall, to latest age,
Be, in kings' halls, of warlike Gauls and Almains,
Matter of noble vates' golden song.
Softly, they bear him forth, till the day's ending.
Swelled his strong limbs ; and dead seemed, oftwhile,
Brennus !
To blackness changed, the hero's godlike face.
Last, waking from long swoon, he beckons halt !
Then, on Child Sigamer, fixt his extreme looks,
The king of Gauls deceased, in his wife's arms.

Deep is that mountain valley, and swart, rock-crowned,
Fleckt with new snow; and seemeth some dread vast tomb,
Whereon dismounts the sun. Gauls, there, and Almains;
Polled, with lamenting cries, their tawny locks,
Them lay upon great glorious Brennus' hearse.

At morrow's eve, erst, to Verona, warhounds
Arrive; about whose necks, found graven tokens,
In birchen rind. Lo, one is portraied crowned,
By arrow, pierced; whereunder Brennus' sign,
A raven and bright star, his morion's crest.
Command, straightway, Verona's magistrates,
Kindle hill-beacons. Leap up wild red flames,
From brow to brow. Of stout Cisalpine Gauls,
Rise valiant youth then, all that night, in arms.
Already at day, great companies; who to horse,
Who foot, to Adige stream, descend and pass.
Whilst order them Verona's magistrates,
Blind Rumour, with his hundred tongues, is rife.
Yet, ere the sun well risen, in bands, the fords,
They wade; four thousand spears, with thousand horse;
That breast up, with stern heart, to succour Brennus.
Those all day mount; they put on all that night:

Then light, on wounded wights, in craggéd path ;
Men of these hills, known by their speech and ensigns.
When dukes of the Verona Gauls, their glaives'
Sharp, set, unto those tawny caitifs' throats !
Those them acknowledge Rhætians : and how laid
Their people an ambush ; and mongst many Gauls,
Which round him marched, they saw to fall king
Brennus !

Lo, Brennus, dead, borne to that cold swift stream,
Called after by his name ; where, washed his corse,
In leathern booth, the hero is outlayed.
Queen Fridia and Sigamer then, by hourly course,
Keep watch ; and noblest Almains, with their arms.
Sith Fridia bade, (to whose prophetic breath,
Give all men heed,) build breastwork round their camp.
Ere yet the dayspring, have them, there, beset,
Yelling upswarming enemies, these hills' tribes.
Were old men the more part, which marched with
Brennus ;
That weary of wars, and sere their valiant limbs,
Now turn, to die, in their own foster Almaigne.
But, like pines, their stout hearts are evergreen ;
With vertue, which flows from the mighty gods.
As some gaunt mother-wolf, surprised in forest,

By hunters' hounds, whose lair in sullen clefts
Of the high rocks, where suckles she her cubs ;
Her fastness, with upstaring hairs, defends :
And seemeth her body all hideous teeth and claws ;
Her griesly jaws are battles of sharp spears ;
And dart her baleful eyes out flakes of flame.
She doth, though they her rend, not shrink nor slack ;
Nor doth her griesly ire, to fight, forsake,
And without pause : so warriors of great Brennus,
For Fridia and Sigamer, and that sacred corse,
Make strong defence. Sufficeth them go home,
(Should lie their bodies round the hero's tomb,
Sith Brennus here lies slain,) from hence, to Woden !
Now goes up, on them, a new sun ; and still,
With the day's heat, their battle doth increase.
Stripling, in years, Child Sigamer, (in his looks,
Like Brennus,) on their rampire's further part,
Fights in his father's arms : and where the strife
He sees unequal, runs with some of his ;
And issue, from his hands, unerring darts.
Gauls, surging Rhætians, beat back from the wall ;
Would it pluck down. Lo, yonder, how, as hind,
Turns everyway, gainst hounds, her gentle front,
To fence her fawn, and smites with her swift hooves ;
Stands Fridia, in glittering arms, before her dead.

Under her bowstring, chiefest enemies, warriors,
Have fallen upon their face. Deem Rhætians her
Her brother Heremod, for her noble stature.
Ah! and would were, now, god Woden's targe with her!
But it, in Nertha's fane, uphanged, left, Brennus.
Yet breath of the safeguarding mother-goddess,
The enemies' shafts and darts makes fly awry;
And hurtless, like as children's reeds, to light,
At her white sacred feet. How the sun's cart
Tarries in hill of heaven! Fight Brennus' warriors,
Till faints, for lack of kindly food and rest,
Their force. Now when their shafts nigh-spent, and darts,
Gauls, leaping on their breastwork, hurl wild stones.
Past noon then, Tola, Rhætians' duke, made head,
In shining arms, hand on Gauls' wall, first laid:
He drew down stones, and would disrock Gauls' work.
Gainst him, runs Sigamer, in great Brennus' harness!
The battle reels: midst rushing enemies,
Fridia sees sink, ah! Sigamer's raven crest!
Strongly the pang of mother's heart repressed,
The widowed queen. Parts her prophetic lips,
A wingéd prayer. It heard, beyond vast Alps,
Nertha. In this extremity, to the heavens,

Straining her eyeballs, sees the queen approach,
In welken path, an erne, and knew the goddess!
And she, anon, sees Sigamer risen, her son;
Whom overborne had press of his own men.
O'er the enemies, her wide even wings upholds
That erne: then rushing, stoops, from haughty flight;
On Tola's morioned front! How Rhætians' duke,
Buffets the labouring bird, with mighty pens;
And with sharp beak, his cumbered eyes doth threaten!
As crow on silly sheep, on him she rides;
And with her crooked claws, rends his armed hands,
He lifts confused. Nor could the divine bird,
Pluck down the duke. How, at that portent, stand
His warriors, in amaze! Child Sigamer flung,
(It guides her breath, and gives the goddess force,)
A sharp dart; and it pierced king Tola's harness.
Entered the bronze his gorge; and gurgling blood,
He headlong fell, dumb, like a sacrifice!
But the erne went from men's seeing. The son of Brennus,
Exulting, spoiled then Tola, of bright harness;
Making, his father's warriors, shield-burg round
About him, with defence of long sharp spears.
Hath Nertha now descended, midst armed press;
And taken form of one Wermod, hoar-head duke,

(Was Wermod Heremod's friend, next after Brennus;)
She draws back, mainly, Sigamer, by the hand;
Saying, Fridia, his mother, called him, in her aid.
He brake then back to her, who sad-faced smiled;
To see, in her son's hands, those chiefest spoils,
Ceiled with Etruscan gold, that shine as glass!
He sate down, by her, widow, at the bier:
And slumber, on forwatched young Sigamer,
To crag-stone leaned, the mother-goddess cast.
Long dures, mongst the forefighters, of both parts,
Dread strife, before the wall, for Tola's corse.
Almains and Rhætians, heapmeal, fall thereon,
Till the day's end; each call on their land's gods.
Brown twilight; and now sacred night, descends:
Then Witta, Englen duke, with few of his,
Ran-to; from Fridia, borrowed Brennus' brand,
Gainst which, avails not aught defence of harness;
And beat back strife of bloody Rhætians.
In this, as shout, was heard from far, of Almains!
And is a company of tall Cheruscan youth,
Which pass these mighty bergs, to Heremod.
Before their violent spears, those valiant Almains,
Lo, thirty bounden wights, tumultuous drive.
Men of these hills, that taken were in nigh path,
This even. Of whom, that Saxon youth, by signs,

Had, hardly, learned ; how were, before them, Gauls,
Beleaguered, Gauls of Brennus, by their foes !
Hastes Sigfried, earl, who those young warriors leads,
Loud shouting, through the mist, with flaming brands ;
As steers, so rush they on, amongst blind crags.
First knew the queen, warned by the Mother-goddess,
Her people's voice : and, at her word, loud warhorns
Sound out, in the Gauls' camp, new joyful note !
And, soon, Cheruscan youth, like rushing drove,
Fall, in the night's dread murk, on Rhætians' necks.
Each bronze-head furious spear, a foeman slays.
Then Rhætians turned, in bloody routs, to flight.
Almains, o'er slaughtered corses, scornful, pass,
Then, to the wall ; and to their fellow Almains.
But when they hear, king Brennus lies, there, slain !
Brake lamentable murmur, from all throats ;
As when the widowed winter doth complain
Her loss, with wailing sound, through heath and woods.
Like bellowing ureox, Sigfried mongst them, fares :
Who entering in the camp, by Thunder ! sware,
To slay his captives, round king Brennus' pyre.
Earl Sigfried, Sigamer leads ; where sits the queen,
On dim earth-mould, folding her arms, beside
That funeral booth, to heaven, in bleak moonlight.

Nor word that ethling spake; but stooped, and kissed,
He a war-seared and now hoar-headed duke,
Mourning, his cousin's helmed prophetic front:
A sob, (but he his harm repressed,) him shook.
Kneels Sigfried; and the clay-cold hand, twice, kissed,
Of that great dead, and groaned the earl aloud;
In the rekindled now red watchflames' light,
That mighty corse beholding, without breath!
The eyes waxed dim of his young warriors,
And rugged seemed, with eld, their marble brows;
When they, for sorrow, on their way-weary feet,
Which trodden have so vast mounts, and so long paths,
Giddy, three times, that sacred bier, do pace,
With Sigfried, round; vailing their war-stained spears.
At morrow's day, the horse, from fair Verona,
Arrive! the foot, behold, towards noon. With dust
And battle, stained, come those Cisalpine Gauls.
For have they met with Rhætians, in hill-paths;
(Men fled from hence,) and foughten in derne night;
Till they, wayworn, prevailed, in bloody strife,
O'er weary foes. Few, lighting them the moon,
Which durst climb steepling cliffs, escaped that scathe;
Whence fell down many, to more dreadful death.

But when those, reached to Almains' camp, now hear,
(Glory of all Gauls,) lies slain great Brennus, here!
They stand, with weary bodies, in amaze
Of heart! sith, with their captains, pass the port.
Them brings on, orphan, young king Sigamer,
Where Fridia mourns, beside the hero's bier.
Her, erst, they silent, reverence, with bowed heads;
Then, long, all, on the king's dead face, they gaze!
Sith, three times, those tread round, reversed their arms,
With mournful cheer and slow, the illustrious dead,
In the cold Alps; from whose vast lofty craigs,
Rebellows loud lament of Gauls and Almains.

Gainst eve, who noblest, Brennus' frozen corse,
Upon their shoulders, reverend, taking up,
To a nigh headland, meet for hero's tomb,
It bear; site which hath chosen Sigamer:
Whence looking back, Italia is, the Fair,
Discerned from far. Of ling and juniper,
Strew sorrowing Gauls and Almains there, high pyre:
Whereon the king, that dead is, now uplaid,
Have the chief captains, lapped in royal weed.

As for those warriors, which fell, yester, slain,
Within their rampire; mounting this day's sun,
As thirty corses, hither, were conveyed:

But when lacked wood, to burn them, Gauls, on these,
(Laid by and by,) one mould heaped, and wild stones.
With sighs, lifts Fridia her two widowed hands;
Whose bleak looks like are to this withered grass!
Runyan, then, priest, young Sigamer, king, commands,
Slay Brennus' steed; which done, his long hair-locks,
Polled Sigfried earl, and laid on the king's corse.
The like do all his ethlings and chief Gauls,
Come from Verona. And brought Child Sigamer,
King Tola's harness, furnitures and bright arms;
He laid them, by his sire, great Brennus' corse!
Before all the armed Gauls, he stedfast then;
Received, from Runyan, sacred kindling brand,
In looking back, puts flame to Brennus' pyre.
Breathe out the mountain winds, red flames aspire;
They roar, above, like unto blowing woods:
And now, like fiery womb, infold the dead.
All cry out then, which stand by, midst thick sobs;
Brennus, Farewell, rest, henceforth, with the gods!
His captives Sigfried, in aparted place,
Dispiteous, slew. Bury young men of war,
Their thirty yet warm corses, round the pyre,
With Tola's corse. Sons of these Rhætian Alps;
They, without end, shall Britain's hero serve,

In the soul-kingdom of the Northern gods!
Watch Gauls, in arms; but when those funeral flames,
Have died down, in white embers, to the ground;
With water, quenched them Sigamer, of the stream.
He, from the midst, then, the white bones of Brennus,
Gathers, with devout hand, into his shield.
And for was there none honey, in that place;
Fridia embalms them, with sweet flower of pine.
In Tuscan precious cere-cloth, lapped, she them
Will bear, in her most sacred barme, to Almaigne:
To send to Brennus' brother, royal Belin;
That he might bring, to their last rest, in Britain.
Mound infinite stones, Gauls, o'er that burning place;
And henceforth, shall the king's heroic spirit
Safeguard, men say, this passage of high Alps.
Sigfried sith, at the tomb, hails Sigamer, king!
King! hail him, with one throat, both Gauls and Almains!
Then, on their several ways, they all depart.
Italic Gauls, in heaviness, now descend,
With Sigfried; Sigamer mounts up, towards the North.
And, still, the widowed queen looks, as she rides,
Back on swart grave-hill of loved glorious Brennus!
None enemies more molest them, in their march.

So is that name, (renowned mongst men and gods,)
Blown through the world ; till when of forest Almaigne,
They borders pass. All men, of Almain speech,
Reverence queen Fridia and Sigamer, in their path.

Dwells Fridia one year's space, in Aella's garth ;
And in the next, receives the dying breath,
Of agéd Hildegond, her mother dear.
Then past midwinter, Aella fares to Woden :
Which published through Lippe-mark ; was, at month's end,
Assembling, very great, of warlike tribes ;
Mourning, in arms. The king, whose blood descends,
From Woden god ; they all, with groans, mound-laid.
In Aella's garth, then, seven nights, holden was
A royal feast, of ethlings, freeborn, thralls ;
Weeping and drinking their lord's funerals.
Aye, and much had joyed, to see, those spouses, old ;
Child of their child, to glorious manhood grown,
Young Sigamer, seed of victorious Brennus :
And dearly him both embraced had on their breasts !

These sorrows past, rides Sigamer, with few Gauls,
To Sens-on-Yonne, unto his uncle Belin.
He Sigamer seeing, his twin-brother's son,

Come in king's hall, (hall shingled all with shields ;
And where, upon high walls, hang antique arms,
Of quaint device,) so like of gait and stature,
And noble feature, unto godlike Brennus ;
Bring Brennus' bones, from their dear resting place,
The priestess bosom of his germain's spouse ;
Did off his diadem : and from the king's stool,
Down-lighting, where he sate, among his peers ;
With ashes of the hearth, his royal hairs
Bestrewed. So, all day, sits with covered face,
The Sénones' king apart : nor would taste meat,
At eve : till gentle Hermione him besought,
(Queen radiant-faced, with beauty of the gods,)
Now call, at length, to his rememberance,
What honour due to Sigamer, their loved guest.
She took the son of Brennus, by the hand,
And kissed his manly front ; and asks of Fridia,
His sacred mother, who her sister dear.
Sith sate queen Hermione, on the king's knees,
A babe, babe Leolin, her nourseling sweet ;
Belovéd fruit of him who lately in Spain,
Subdued, of their two sons, alas, deceased !
Young Levemaur, by sickness of the land.
And now of Archegal, their other son,
He who, yet childless, o'er great Troynovant, rules,

In Britain, is adopted Leolin.
Sits comfortless, as added grief to grief ;
But cherisheth the noble child, king Belinus.
Weeps Hermione : young Sigamer, with them, weeps.
Then gave the queen that babe, to his young arms ;
Commending Leolin, unto both their loves.

Not, till third eve, came Sénones' king, again,
To his high hall, and public audience.
He Sigamer calls up, to his royal stall !
Then to the king's high hand, an herald bears
Remembrance-horn : and erst king Belinus drinks,
To solemn mind of, (all Gauls' duke !) great Brennus,
His germain. Drinks prince Sigamer ; sithen drink
The Sénones' lords. All name great Briton Brennus !
Covering their heads ; and cast their looks to ground.
Sith, chants shrill Briton bard, high deeds of Brennus.
Howbe, were all too small his island mouth ;
The god-like glory, wide-blazed through the world,
Of the hero to endite. The great conquest,
Of Spain, he chants ; where children of the Gauls',
And Almaigne gods, these days, have plenteous seats.
And sith Italia, past the mighty Alps,
Italia, fairest soil of the whole earth !
And he then names, of kings and dukes, rehearsed ;

Whom slew great Briton Brennus' hand, in fight.
Gauls groan ; and pour out to the hero's spirit,
From silver-lipped bulls' horns, of their sweet mead.
All Belin's lords give, to prince Sigamer, gifts.
Who, from his valorous left arm, which, neath shield,
Put strongly off, ofttime, death ; some golden bracelet :
And who ring-gold, from off his warlike hands.
King Belin gave, to Sigamer, arms and harness ;
The best uphanged, on Correus' ancient walls,
Apt to the young king's stature ; and steeds and chariot,
And gold of Spain. And hardly the king's heart
Might suffer, when fulfilled a month now was,
To Britain, the beloved young prince depart.
To bring, to their last rest, his germain's bones.
Him Belin sends, with pomp, upon the Seine,
Of barges and young lords. A longship waits
Him, at that river's mouth, with sixty rowers.
He mounts aboard. Whilst then young Sigamer sleeps,
Lapped in his royal *saie*, on the ship's poop ;
Wielding their pithy arms, long pines, those smite,
In measure, the sea's face. Come second morrow,
Sees Fridia's son, nigh hand, the ice-white cliffs,
Of Britain's Cantion ! Toucht his barge, to shore ;
Leaps forth, lo, radiant as a god, on land,

Land of great Brennus, his child Sigamer ;
Isle of the gods, soil sacred to the sun,
Land of the steed, the harp and battle chariot.
He brings, in his two hands, his father's urn ;
That Belin crowned, with leaves of beaten gold :
Had they, which after-sent were, from Verona,
To bear that urn, to Sigamer ; found with Fridia,
Him marching, past high Alps, in Almaigne paths.
Archigal, his cousin royal, Sigamer,
With train of young lords, nobly clad and dight,
(All chariot-drivers, come from Troynovant,)
With torques of gold, meets, at Kent's pebble shore.
Those stand, at sea waves, by their glittering war-carts.
How goodly walk those young men and kings' sons,
Joined, sons of germains, hand in hand, from strand !
Their voices like, and like of flowering looks,
And countenance ; and were knitted their young hearts.
But martial Archigal, born in the dim North,
In stature excels : prince Sigamer, all men mark,
In shoulders' breadth, exceeds, and his large chest.
Archigal, who elder is, the Italic urn,
In pious hands, with reverent brows, receives ;
Wherein the cinders of his uncle Brennus ;
To whose knees, once, he, a little child, had played.

How is the glory of those former years,
Become this little dust! Now with veiled heads,
Standing that urn around, tall Briton lords
Take knowledge sad, upleaning on their spears,
That this was Brennus. Lapped in pure white lawn,
Of Britain; then, of Dubris,[1] who chief druid;
Whose brows with fillet bound, and golden leaves;
Whilst priests loud hymn intone, with trembling hands,
For he is old, the sacred pot imposed,
On swift-wheeled, cypress-dight, cart, twixt two druids.
So all they mount; and in one painted chariot,
The two kings ride. Fair Vale of Kent, they pass;
Then uplands green, where golden flowers the broom,
And sounds, from fresh groves, the melodious voice
Of throstle cock. And joys young Sigamer,
In his wise heart, seeing his father's Britain!
Now even is; when looms, in river mist,
Before them, wall of wide-built Troynovant.
Seen chariots of king Archigal, sound loud warhorns,
The watch; and soon, in mourning stoles, throng forth,
Tall Briton folk; that hail, the child of Brennus!
And stretch devout hands, towards the hero's urn.
But for behoves not, lodge the dead, in walls;
Wide Thames, in boats, to further shore, they pass;

[1] Now Dover.

Where leathern booths stretched, lo, in river's mead.
At Lud's gate, they take land. They visit mound,
There, of the Lady-of-Britain, their grandame,
Mother of heroes. Here, this night, they rest.
Erst, when new summer sun is rising sheen,
Slay white-stoled druids, with broad oak-leaves crowned,
Great-horned, swart bull to Gauls' infernal gods;
And with the blood, they sprinkle Corwen's tomb.
Intoned then mystic chant; with spades of bronze,
That mound, they open, of the Lady of Britain.
Eftsoon, come the two kings, with mourning train,
Then draw the throngs apart, to view them pass.
Old warriors them receive; and have these watched,
All night, at the grave-hill, in rusty harness.
Lo, sprent with dust, and crowned with dismal yew,
Their polled hoar heads: all leaned on their war-spears,
They reverent stand! Dead glorious Brennus, was;
In far Hesperia, duke of their young years:
For whom themselves would die, and might they his spirit,
Ah, call, again, from yond eternal stars!
Those fathers, looking on that funeral urn,
Sigh a lament, with faltering knees, for Brennus.
And delved a little cell, have now, and steined,

In the grave-hill; and it gore-sprent, white druids.
Sigamer, with swooning heart, of hue full pale;
Therein, with pious hands, at length, deposed
The Italic urn: and priests, whilst they intone
New chant, it seal above, with a great stone!
Whereon, heaps Archigal, kneeling, then, last sods.
Thereafter, turned to Troynovant, the two kings;
Made Archigal, three days, plays of running steeds,
And martial shows of Britons' warlike youth.
These things concluded, Sigamer, whose young heart
Longs home to Fridia, (who none helper hath,
King Aella dead, and Heremod afar off;)
Leaving great Troynovant, now, to Cantion port,
Returns, to ferry unto Gauls' continent.
Archigal and lords, convey him, to Kent shore.
Each king there, to his cousin, parting token,
Gives. Sigamer precious ceiled Etruscan cup,
Of the burnt gold, which Arunt sent to Brennus.
But wedgéd tin bestows, the Briton king,
In Sigamer's ship; and of most renowned warhounds,
(Each a team worth of steeds and battle chariot,)
Two couples throughly taught, and fleet of foot.
To Fridia, a sacred vesture, Archigal sends,
Whose hem of pearls, of fine white lawn of Britain;
Wherein seen broidered arcane signs of druids.

Then make the two young kings exchange of arms;
Their royal bracelets and gold rings: each calls
The other Brother! so they spake farewell.
Hoise Sigamer's shipmen blue broad sail; wherein
Three stars shine and three ravens, needle-wrought,
Of glorious Brennus, Belin, Heremod!
Speeding o'er windy surges, they steer, forth;
To Seine mouth: whereas, entering, at day-red,
Of second morrow; the young king, rows in,
By launds, now, and blue woods. Sigamer, to land,
Eftsoon descends: where mounting royal steed,
He, towards Lutece, rides to his uncle Belin.
Dwells Sigamer, in Seine's royal court, two days;
And in the third takes leave, to turn to Fridia:
But not ere Belinus and queen Hermione;
Have, (darling daughter of their elder years,)
Bright Ermelin promised, yet a comely child,
To Sigamer, to wife. To sunbright Ermelin,
Sigamer, the young king, and loved germ of Brennus,
Of subtil Tuscan work, gave a sheen bracelet
And brooch, of gold; wherein the bird is wrought,
Of love. They plight then, both, their young hearts' troth,
In Hermione's hands, of happy marriage.
All gaze then after Sigamer, who departs,

From their town gates; where Belinus called him Son.
The young king holds thence way, forthright, to Almaigne.
Passed Rhine; Cheruscans named him duke, he hears,
Of their outfaring youth, with crash of arms.

When harvest past, and summer well-nigh ended;
Young Sigamer leads armed youth out, that would pass
High Alps. Returns queen Fridia, with her son,
To Heremod; and to weep, at Brennus' tomb.
Behold them, from the clowdy immense Alps,
Vast steepling towers, to Brennus' tomb, dismount,
Three thousand spears. There make they warlike pomp,
Marching about the hero's rest, in arms!
King Sigamer, loud, upspake then, from grave-hill,
Praising, in both the tongues, his father Brennus.
And so, round-echoing bergs, re'nforce his voice,
That seemed those words of some immortal ones.
There many Almains polled their tawny locks:
Queen Fridia wakes, all night, at the cold tomb.
Sigamer, his warlike Almain youth, from thence,
When day is made, shows Italy, the fair;
Which, gleams far-off, like garden of the gods!

Then to his uncle Heremod, he descends :
And finds, (who yet bears mourning stole, for Brennus,)
At Senogallia. Rhætians, with mischance,
Hath Heremod vexed, two years, with armed inroads ;
And filled those mountains, with their funerals !
In Gauls' new city, Heremod duke receives
Fridia and Sigamer, with much love and honour.
Queen Fridia weeps, whilst she, again, records,
How Brennus slain ; and lately, in foster Almaigne,
That passed to the immortal gods, the breaths
Of Aella and Hildegond. Groans great Heremod !
And fallen, grofling, on swart mother-mould ;
The duke, rent his, now hoar, locks ; and loud, vowed
Hundred swart-faced sheep ; two-score, black-felled steers,
His whole-burned offering, to infernal gods.
Then Heremod called the senates of Gauls' marches,
He bade them Sigamer choose, in room of Brennus.
Queen Hermione, erewhile, in Brennus' court,
Ariane, had nourished up, for Heremod,
Like lovely flower, young sister to great Brennus :
But of a fell disease, deceased, alas !
That royal maid ; and would he none, henceforth :
Whence Sigamer, to the duke, is as a son,
Born of his sister and of noble Brennus.

The next year after ; when again duke Heremod,
Would fare, to warlike foster-land of Almaigne ;
Where, lately, (assembled, to the river Lippe,
To Aella's funerals,) had, with infinite shout,
The Saxon tribes, of great Cheruscan nation,
Him acclaimed, (ethling Heremod !) their war-king !
The duke, cast from his battle steed, that stumbled,
Deceased. Sore bruised ; was Heremod, in his harness,
(Will of the gods, that might he fare to Woden !
Found none, mongst mortals, worthy him to slay,)
Pierced, in his fall, of his Iberian glaive !

At voice of Partholon, son of Biandrante,
(Erewhile deceased,) polled them the people of Ogmius ;
Mongst whom stands, (old now,) king Verpolitus,
With cypress crowned. Polled them all Sénones Gauls ;
Gathered to glorious Heremod's funerals,
With their war-duke, who swift-foot Vellorix ;
(But he, in age, is swift-foot now no more :)
And Briton Gauls, which come with noble Bran,
And Carduan. Them polled all Heremod's Almains,
With Witta and Sigfried and great Irmenfried :
That blackened have, at hearths of funeral feast,

Their warlike brows ; and mourning ashes cast,
On their hoar heads. Come Britons ; the *trimarch*,
Shore, even long glast-stained manes, of their war-steeds !

All Gauls vast funeral mound heaped, in that plain,
Vieing, each people's priests and magistrates,
With other, which should honour him the most.
Italic Gauls vowed to great Heremod,
There yearly games. Praised him, now old, Biellan,
From the grave mound. Nor his well-speaking tongue,
Might, this day, frame the Eporedian king ;
But that his words were broken, through thick sobs,
Of dear remembrance ; who, all men above,
His entire friend, loved Almain Heremod.
Kings sacrificed, unto Heremod, as a god.

But was not there king Sigamer ; who, in Gaul,
These days, hath wedded the fair Ermelin,
With joy of all. Returns not Brennus' son,
Yet ; that king Belin, Hermion, noble Melyn,
Daily, for love, detain him in their court.
(Had Nesta, gentle child of Biandrante,
To him affianced, died in her young years.)

King, after days of Heremod, Sigamer rules ;
Wedded with Ermelin, over Brennus' Gauls,

In far Italia. Pass then other years,
Till when young Arthemail, who of their two sons,
The younger ; with his agéd mother, sends
Sigamer, in comfort of her now hoar hairs :
Who turns, obedient to an oracle,
Again, to her own foster land of Almaigne.
To Brennus' mound, once more, the agéd queen,
Approaching ; Fridia, to child Arthemail,
(Her Sigamer's son !) it shows : she weeps and calls,
Aloud, thereat, on Brennus' divine spirit !
But overpassed the immense towréd Alps ;
And journeying forth the queen, in forest Almaigne,
The ingenuous people reverence, as a goddess,
Her, widow of Brennus, agéd prophetess.
But she, to whom this world is derne and waste,
Without great Brennus, leaving by the Lippe,
Young Arthemail, with high kindred of her house ;
Herself withdraws, to Nertha's sacred grove,
Beyond Lippe-mark. She wonnes, in tower, henceforth,
Which looks, o'er flint-grey waves, to that sea isle ;
Which named is Holy, of the Earth-mother goddess.
There white-haired Fridia, for her children, prays :
And daily interprets her prophetic spirit,
Rumbling of billows ; wherein the gods' voice.

And out of the infinite hollow surges' sound,
She, to all that ask, responds, of Almaigne folk.
Unto her, is given not to decease, by death;
That should not rot, in grave, her sacred flesh.
The queen, one morrow, looking from her tower,
Wide out o'er wandering waves, that fleet to shore,
Girded in long white stole, with wimpled cheer;
In that she, prophetess, stretched forth her white arms,
Transfigured Nertha her, widow of Brennus,
To a sea-mew! and without change of death:
And, in that likeness, flitted Fridia forth!
But what of her became, there no wight wist.
Yet makers chant, in halls of lords in Almaigne;
How, wing-borne, Fridia, spouse to glorious Brennus,
Came unto mansions of the godlike dead,
Islands of Peace, where heroes naméd dead,
Eternally survive; which aye their age
Renew to youth. And there, with Hildegond,
And Aella and Brennus and loved Heremod,
She ever dwells; and her eldfathers dead.
Yet other sing, how seen was holy mew,
Stoop, on high craig, in Nertha's sacred grove,
Under a cedar sweet; in whose wide arms,
Had Brennus, yore, uphanged, and Heremod,
Forgotten spoil of Lippe-land's enemies.

There made she soft complaint, as mourning dove;
Till time twain other fowl, with eager cries,
Came to her flying, souls of like aspect!

But grown to glorious manhood, Arthemail:
And chosen duke of the outfaring youth;
Him warriors lift on shield, above their heads.
Then valiant Ambones he conducts, in arms,
(Thus named the sons of Gauls and wedded Almains,)
And conquered Cimbers' soil, past Elbe's grey flood.
But here thy golden leaves ben rent, O Muse!
(Thy sacred golden leaves, which I ne'er stained:)
And, in the next, another hero named
Is, Second Brennus, king of Ambones,
Inheriting that famed brand which conquered Rome:
And whose last progeny, after length of days,
Shall heritage of land obtain, in Britain.

Looks sun's allseeing eye on a New World;
When this, who nephew of old Arthemail,
(Son to his grandson Arth,) to the king's seat,
Succeeding, and enflamed, with godlike heat;
The glory of his old sires would emulate.
With Britomart, son to a Cantion king,
His kinsman, in Isle Britain, and to Deva,

His sister, spoused, then marched that Second Brennus;
Leading much martial youth of Gauls and Almains,
Gainst nations, which most warlike of the earth,
Are named; whose coats are bronze, whose battle-front,
An iron thicket hedge of matchless spears.
To Celtic Noricum, they approached, at length,
Purchase them adamant bronds, forged in that coast;
And span-long brazen heads, to their ash spears.
By cragged paths, descends, from thence, this host:
And sith, with often bloody strife, they pass,
Gainst Thracian tribes, and warlike Mœsians.
Part of those Gauls, in Rhodope's high mount,
(Which, cumbered in much mist, in cliffs, miswent,)
There light on temple of some drunken god:
And they, with scorn, it spoil of uphanged gold.
In Macedon, sith arrived; at the first brunt,
Gauls, that Greeks' world-famed phalanx of long spears,
Beat down, which overthrew, before, the world;
And nations conquered, unto furthest Ind.
There took they, captive, treacherous Ptolemy,
The Macedonians' king; and slew him Brennus;
Who passing thence, departed, in two armies,
His mingled host. Stout Britomart, lo, with his,

Fair Thessaly invades ; land wherein Greeks
Fable dwelled yore their everliving gods.
Brennus, like tempest, in his rattling chariot,
Leads on his power, to the hill-gates of Hellas :
Upon whose lukewarm plain, Gauls pitch their tents !
Renowned Thermopylæ, which, again, doth fence,
Lo, phalanxed army of Hellenes champions.
There wounded and sick Gauls, come to king Brennus :
Which seen they needs must die, crowned with oak-leaves,
Would force that port, and end by glorious death.
This, at sun's new uprising, he appoints.
Moreo'er king Brennus chose out valiant men,
Great-statured, in his host, wont to o'erswim
Cold, mighty-streaming, currents of the North :
Were those three hundred spears. Ere night, from cliff,
Hemmed of long glittering sea, them shows king Brennus,
Yond marish plain, ships, harnessed enemies !
Twixt mid of night, neath Hellas' hoary stars,
And day, he sends them forth. Through reedy fen,
And much salt ooze ; where, wading on long spears,
Those stay, to the sea waves, their doubtful steps.

Come nigh, where ride Greeks' sleeping galley-ships,
They silent swim ; and stupor casts some god,
On those, among Hellenes, which should keep watch.
They, in such sort, that fenny foreland passed,
Them shroud, till dayspring, in the whispeling reeds.
Issues, from leathern booth, gainst morning-red,
The king of Gauls : and, lo, a raven, lights,
Omen of his war-god, (his father Woden,)
On Brennus' shield. (That war-bird sign is given,
To all his sons, of Brennus-Heremod's house.)
Then to hill's cragged brink, that king ascends ;
To watch first onset of those vowéd ones.
Already, are they marched forth. Is Maelgawn, Briton,
That band's stout duke, a lord of Troynovant.
Hellenes, like crayfish, closed in hammered plate ;
Hurl Gauls against them stones, that burst their harness.
Strait is, as were a street, the battle place.
Stagger these Greeks ; and fall in their steep ranks.
Gauls thrust-on, with their bodies, like wild bulls ;
Careless of wounds, thrust, dying, on to death.
Yet might they not break through that brazen gate,
Whose living bars are Hellas' champions !
Till Mavor, captain of a second band,
Of vowéd men, to horse, came, three score spears.

And like as mountain-crag, loost down, by frost,
The root-fast pines and oaks, before it bears ;
So they, with heart-amazing sound, o'erride
That living port ; and die the most beyond.
Were now those swimmers risen from the reeds ;
Whose fierce yells, rushing from the fenny brakes,
Hear Hellenes, at their backs, and faint their hearts ;
Gauls, which all men exceed, in furious force !
Then Greeks, o'erwhelmed, consumed, are on both parts ;
Till their last champion, a long hoar-haired duke,
Of silver-shielded men, fell, like felled oak,
Under iron brond of that strong battle-smith,
Dewfin, lord of a people at the Elbe.
Puffed up with 'sdainful insolence, drave king Brennus,
In three-horse chariot, over dying Greeks ;
Albe, without the gods, enters he Hellas.
Wherefore, and when, next day, he sends enquire,
At the Dodonian tree, a lying spirit,
Shaking the leafy oracle, him persuades,
Unto his death ; the treasury of Hellas,
To break in temple of that archer god,
Great Phœbus, who casts sickness now on Gauls.
Journey, in raging heat of the dogstar,

In Hellas' cragged coasts, Gauls' warriors faint.
They eat then jocund clusters of the grape.
At end of many marches, those look down,
Now, in infinite starry night, from Parnasse cliffs,
On Delphos, fane ; where, burning, thousand lamps,
Round Pythius'[1] temple, like stars' glittering house.
As pirate keel descends, on some far coast ;
Come Gauls unwist. After short rest, king Brennus ;
What hour most bound, by sleep's delicious weight,
Is mortal sense, with certain fugitive thralls,
Of Thrace, for guides, old enemies of proud Greeks,
Leading two thousand chosen men, dismounts,
To parting of two ways, from the cliff-steeps ;
Where, of some antique hero, shines white tomb.
The old moon now in point to set, they pass
The sacred bornes. At length, ere crow of cock,
Or bark of hound startle the temple-watch,
Enters the unwalled holy street king Brennus,
Where thousand statuas make their pathway light.
Is this the agora, and yonder Pythius' fane !
Vast porch, which upholds ordered pillars white.
Gauls statuas here discern of men and steeds.
Deposed his arms, it compassed thrice king Brennus,
Running. He parted then his thousand warriors,

[1] Phœbus Apollo, the Pythic god.

In two like bands. Whilst these the temple watch,
Shall those, towards Phœbus city, keep the street.
Caused Brennus, in Gaul's tongue, then, be proclaimed,
By Catwald, herald's mouth, to Greeks' sun-god;
He carry will away his hallowed things;
To hang in groves, under the seven beves;
And part, in island fane of the god Belin;
That choir renowned of stones,[1] of his sire Brennus.
But wealth, which should be found therein, profane,
Being common substance of the vanquished Greeks;
He will, to his victorious Gauls, divide;
Which followed him in arms! Hearken loud clarions,
That sound now out of Delphians, in the night.
Come running harnessed Hellenes, from the town.
Hoarse, through his helm, spoil of slain Ptolemy, king,
Of gilded bronze, long-maned, with dragon crest;
Shouts Brennus, to his martial Gauls, Hold fast!
But vain tumultuous onset is of Greeks,

[1] Stonehenge.

Though phalanxed, gainst Gaul's warriors' matchless
force,
That, like to giants, them hew down, in their blood.
The remnant flee aghast ; nor pursues Brennus
Those Phœbus' citizens. Gauls then entering in
The cloister ; even before the holy fire,
Slew Pythius' priests ; and sprent his marble floor,
With purple blood. Advancing him, Gauls' king
Smote on the gilded image of the god,
With scornful plat of his gore-dropping blade ;
Whereat rang the immense temple, with a loud
Dread din, and trembled to the sacred vaults ;
And on his pillars, rockt that marble house !
And quaked all hearts, save only of king Brennus.
A cry seemed echo round, divine. Like bats,
Flit forth the temple-servants, with rapt steps.
Gauls on them seize ; and Brennus them requires,
Return : and bring forth all that hoarded wealth,
Which thousand years' religion of vain Greeks,
Had vowed ; and golden treasuries of all states,
Of many-citied Hellas. But when Brennus,
The god reproaching evil which he wrought,
To Gauls, by shafts of sickness, he had shot ;
Beard of red gold, in that dim temple-light,
Discerned to hang, on Phœbus' stony face,

(Which graven had master-hand of antique Phidias,
Of some bleak rock of barren, cindered, Hellas ;)
He smote the idol's image, with his fist,
And snatcht that bearded gold : and Pythius,
Greeks' archer god, tall Gauls' king mocked aloud !
But when one shows him, with a trembling hand,
That navel-stone, which middest of all the world,
Greeks read ; and rent in adyt floor arcane,
With laurel, crowned, from whence grave reek ascends ;
And heard immortal voice ; with laughter, brake
Unseemly utterance, from the Gauls' king's lips.
Yet breathed he forth proud words ! when, from beneath,
Apollo's house is shaken, like a ship,
And crake the beams and imposts. Brennus hastes,
Lest ruin, on his neck, the marble roof,
To get him forth. Then shut-to, with loud noise,
The brazen temple-doors, behind the Gauls,
And without hands ; and terribly echoes voice,
Within ; where closed, alone, the Pythic maid,
Lean, frenzied, crooked wight, now in great age ;
Voice from the crypt, of the dark oracles,
Which she expounds to Hellas. Her dire cries,
Destruction imprecate, on Gauls' king Brennus !

Pythius disdains him, from his sanctuary,
Whose violent hands have reft his hallowed gifts;
And his thrice-sacred image durst deface;
And with man's blood, profaned this holy place.
But passed again the cloisters' sounding court,
Gathers, with warhorns' blast, his Gauls, king Brennus;
Who from the fane, and who turn from the town;
That many Greeks, in Delphi's streets have slain.
Heavy with preys, them, in the market-place,
He marshals; whence, soon ready, they march forth.
Then, on the now sun-smitten fane, erst Brennus
Looks, whose high architrave behanged with shields;
That golden shine, spoils of old Medic host.
The pediment seems some battle, turned to stone.
Gauls' king leads up, before them, with swift feet;
Fearing lest should descend that god to fight.
Then eftsoon darkened day's new cheerful light.
Zeus, great cloud-gathering demon of the Greeks,
With sceptre, smote the vaulted firmament;
And flings swift lightnings down, his other hand.
And fall Greeks' foremost warriors, stricken rife;
And rattling, seemed the riven skies to burn.
Stoop the dark heavens; and seems the earth to sink
Again, in roaring jaws of infinite night.

Out of swart clouds, hurl hailstones, angry gods,
Pound-weight; whose like, from world's beginning, was
Not seen. From wrath divine, then flee the Gauls:
Who cumbered were, with temple-preys, them cast.
(Talents, men say, three thousand, were the spoils,
Of Pythius' temple, taken of the Gauls!)
Gauls fly, for shelter, to Castalian springs,
Where loom vast cliffs, the bald Phœdriades;
That roar aloft, with storm, whence tumbling craigs,
And rushing pines, beat many Gauls to ground.
The day is turned to night, vast tempest dures;
Nor more heard voice of dukes, nor trumpet's throat.
They wander spersedly, which remained alive,
(Nor few, neath ruin dead, of toppled rocks,
Lie Gauls, and trunks, which split the storm-wind's force;)
Seeking, aye, little bands, king Brennus forth!
Yet, wade they, staggering, hardly, the fell blast.
Were some even hurled, in madding rage of wind,
From fearful brinks! Men desperate now of health,
Were seen, with lifted spears, threaten the gods!
Seemed go this world to wrack; and sea and stars,
Revert to former state. Long-shielded Gauls,
Are beat, for all their force, on their stern face.

Labour the demons of those Delphic rocks,
To bring the Gauls to naught. That hideous blast,
Out of the Pontic Gate, at evening, falls :
Droops on their deadly limbs, then misty frost.
Brennus, and few lords with him, founden, hath
Uncertain shelter, the wild eaves of craigs ;
Whereunder, hunger-starved, when fallen this night,
And without fire, they daze, with stiffened joints.
Issues, like to lean beast, towards morning-red,
The Gauls' king Brennus ; and, in ghastful mood,
Yonder, that temple-city, far-off, views ;
Whence Phœbus' wrath pursues him to his fall !
He casts his eyes, sith, to Amphissa's shore.
Then, as some shepherd, after winter tempest,
Which raged all night ; looks forth at dawning ray,
And sees his voiceless flock, dead, round him ; lie,
All under shrouding snow, and waxeth mad !
So Brennus, in wreathed drifts, his glittering warriors,
Part-covered sees : yet holding, some, bright spears,
In their dead hands. But they, the forms of Gauls,
Are frozen trunks and dreary icicles !
Then he, duke of this warfare of tall Gauls,
Reputing his own guilt, the army lost ;
And that, presumptuous, he himself hath wrought,

Fighting with stranger nation's mightier gods:
Him seems now all Greeks' world his dying place!
Travails, implacable, Pythius, Brennus' breast;
And with fell grip, that god his gorge oppressed;
And caused the hero's mails to burn his flesh,
With fiery frost. His harness on his chest,
He makes as hill's insupportable weight.
Wherefore the king, as one in battle pierced,
Fallen on his knees, him leans, on his left hand;
And groans his soul, unto his nation's gods.
But hear not those his voice, that dwell, far off,
Neath high plough-stars; nor Ister flood had passed,
From North-lands, any god with Second Brennus!
Kindling, wild flames leap in his great heart, irked
With the extreme malice, then, of hostile gods;
And run through all his veins, as molten brass:
They mount up, blinding, in his noble front.
Then he, invoked Gauls' antique heroes' spirits,
And blaming gods, for that his timeless death;
Bowed him, on his sword's point, unto the North!
And loost, with burning pang; his ghost, derived,
From stars above, from fleshly bands, fled forth.

BOOK VI

ARGUMENT

FUNERALS of Second Brennus. Britomart's Gauls conquer Galatia.

Cimbers, which partly seed of Brennus' Gauls, overthrow Roman armies; and pass over the woody mounts, into Spain: but, in the end, they are subdued and cut off, by the Roman consul, Marius.

Cæsar, having conquered Main Gaul, invades Cantion, with legions. In the new year, he returns, with a greater power to Britain. He, finally, departs; with loss.

Pomp of Samoth's god, to the great plain of the Sun. Cassiobellan and Commius strive, for the divine image; which is brought, at length, unto Isle Mona.

CHRIST BORN INTO THE WORLD. Stephen is slain; and the saints are scattered. Certain disciples, journeying down to Galilee, constrained by the SPIRIT, preach in Samaria. Descended thence, to Cæsarea, they find Joseph. Tumults among the Jews. In that peril, many of the brethren escape to Mnason's vessel; and sail forth. Certain are set on shore. The rest, in the ship, sail thence by Carmel, Tyre, Sarepta, Sidon, Berytus. From Aphic cliffs, (whereon is a fane of Asherah, the moon-goddess,) they are cast over, in strong storm, to Cyprus. Driven from under lee of that Island; they are carried forth, in much tempest, in the Midland Deep. GOD THE FATHER sends His angel, to convey them unto Britain. The ship's heathen mariners rise up to slay the Jews. A sign from heaven. Strong Alexander. Isle Iranim; where those shipmen assay to save their lives to land. A calm morrow. A vision of Ithobal.

BOOK VI

And now allayed, of heaven, the stormy wrath,
There went by, certain scouts, from the main army ;
(Of whom, much part, in wide Corycian cave,
Pan saved, wild god ; where kindling hundred fires,
They, sheltered, comforted their hearts with food :)
With warhounds, Brennus those, eachwhere, seek forth !
  Howl warhounds ; that have, in his blood, found
    Brennus,
On this bleak bent, mongst frozen warriors !
How stand those Gauls, confused, and mourn their
    hearts !
Gone back, on Brennus' steps, they find his peers,
Lie under rocks' wild eaves ; cold, stiff and dead.
Then haste those scouts, to heap a little dust,
With pious hands, on them, and stones, and frost.
  On boughs, of mountain pine, they Brennus' corse,
Bear forth to Gauls' cave-camp ; hence not far off.
Then sally Brennus' army, cypress-crowned,
With wailing chant, to meet the royal hearse.

Sith, all day, there was made great moan, for Brennus;
Till eve, when with split olive-beam, the dead
They burn. At new sun-rising, Gauls, of stones
And earth, mound hill on Brennus' burning place.

This was that other Brennus, king renowned,
In antique song, for Hellas' great emprise.
Above all battle-smiths, was his great force:
Yet fell he, without honour, at the last;
And cause, he was not loved of any god!
Wherefore his mortal strength, which did attempt
Thing, which accomplish might the only gods;
Could not prevail, or save, or bring to pass.
King noted, mongst his people, Ambones,
One given, midst the mead-horns, to insolent riot:
And in his grame, how, and oft overmood;
Was swift his high hand, on manslaying sword!
But tiding come to Britomartos' ears,
Who yet in Macedon is, with half the army,
Of Brennus' death; that prince of heaven enquires.
And the oracles renounce, GOD DEFENDS HELLAS!
Unto whom, not disobedient, he withdraws,
(Omitting Greece,) now, to the Hellespont:
Where come, what rests, to him, of Brennus' powers.
But Britomart, to that salt-streaming strait,

Arrived, some little from Poseidon's [1] town,
Declining, overfares, in wattle-barks ;
Which, fame is, wrought, (of well-steeped osier rods,
Dight with pitcht line,) Britons, which with him
marched :
Then being to soil, beyond, all safely passed,
Nikomédes, one of that coast's kings, besought
Gauls' instant aid, of warlike Britomart,
Gainst the king's enemies ; promising Gauls, meed,
(That strangers are, and landless, in these parts ;)
Half of what villages, cattle and fair fields,
They might win, with him, of their adversaries.
Gauls then, with king Nikomédes, lo, march forth,
To victory : which being given them of the gods ;
That conquered soil Bithynians did, with Gauls,
Divide, in just accord. It pleased, thus, God,
In His foreknowledge, plant the ingenuous Gauls,
Mongst old worn fastuous nations of the earth ;
And give them, and their seed, there, plenteous seats :
Where dwell they, neighbours to the sacred gates,
Of Canaan, till the coming of the Christ !

Rule Ambones, heirs of Rome-conquering Brennus :
And what time, now, was king Divitiacus,

[1] Byzantium.

(Of Brennus' seed,) in Belges' Gaul and Britain ;
Were Celtiberians nigh destroyed of Rome.
By Rome's hired murderers, Viriathus falls,
Great hero of Spain : but he avenged her wrongs.
Cimbers, with warlike Teutons, then, in arms,
(Were Cimbers, partly, seed which Arthemail led,
Thither, of old time, of great Brennus' Gauls,)
Gainst Rome, arise. Then send, (adventurous swarms ;)
Their warlike youth, to Cimbers, their allies :
Mongst whom, lo, many main and island Gauls ;
And, people of Brennid Arthemail, Ambones.

In Thule, those Cimbers dwell, called End-of-land ;
Which with the opposing Thule of Helvions,
Shuts in, vast sea-gulf, mighty Mentonomon :
Which passed, lies Ocean, bridged with stony frost,
Dead Mormarusa, till that congealed wall,
(Whereas are dancing-places of the Dawn,)
Which the world bounds ; whereon, steep firmament
Is staied ; under whose coast, feign bards, beyond
Cold clear North wind, there sleeps a winter-god,
Crowned with bright rays, in amber pumy cave ;
Where strange birds bring him an ambrosial food.

Great-statured men, behold ! whose infinite swarms,
Dark forests seem of spears, their threatful face,
Towards Summer Land, descending from the North,

With flocks and four-wheel wains ; and is, as noise
Of tempest, their dread march. Where those meet, erst,
Legions of great-grown Rome ; there Romans fall,
In fight, as bulrushes, before their glaives.
That day, they, utterly, did beat down, of Rome,
The vaunt ; her consuls, bury in the field :
And spoiled, the Cimbers' dukes, their helms and harness.
Yet twice, in the next years, the Roman armies,
They overthrew, (Belos, the Cimbers' king,
With his own hand, Aurelius Scaurus slew,
Consul of Rome ;) and a fourth time, by Rhone ;
And was with so great slaughter of Rome's sons,
That, purpled, ran down Rhone, swift-streaming wide ;
And out, even, on blue sea-deep, stained with blood.
Cimbers' victorious army, sithen, marched,
O'er Pyrene mounts. They tarry, in Spain, two years :
And, (wrongs there rendered, of Gauls Celtibers ;)
Still wrought destruction of the Roman name.
Then weary, again, those mountain-wolds they passed.
But now, like winter-brook, that roared amain ;
Sith wasting, last, in summer heat, decays ;
Nor fortune long, at any stay, may dure,
Of mortal wights, which neath the moon, have being :

Or envying gods, in their immortal breasts,
Gauls' glory; and fearing, lest the antique giants,
Should new uprise, rude Cimbers' minds confused;
So that, in two hosts, they depart their armies.
Then vanquished Teutons war-wont Marius;
With such effusion of their barbare blood,
(Is seen, twixt Aquæ and Arles, the battle-place!)
That purpled seemed Gaul's plain, as summer heath.
On Cimbers, which the travaillous Alps have passed,
And sacrificed, at the grave-hill of Brennus;
In the next year, in fair Verona fields,
A like destruction falls. Rome's Consul Marius,
Them overthrew. Few which escaped, with life,
Under the spear, were sold, for thralls, in Rome!

Now Corbelin, nephew of Divitiacus,
Being king in Britain, consuls of great Rome,
Taught of the gods to war, much part of Gaul,
Subdued; though, to her aid, sailed Cantion youth.
In heavy hoys, borne slowly of the wind,
Could not be rowed; had those, in arms, contended,
Gainst Rome's light navy, longships, winged with oars.
But aye, in equal battle, they more valorous
Were found, as Britons yore, than Rome's helmed soldiers.

In Italy, now subdued; the Gauls of Brennus,
Do pass, again, the mighty Alps, in arms;
But, ah! now, inscribéd in the Roman legions!
Gauls war on Gauls; nor else in all the world,
Had, o'er the nations' gods, prevailed great Rome!
One summer morn, when in their sacred month,
From cantreds,[1] and from dunes, much concourse is,
Of Briton folk; nor few come, bearing arms,
Which from far shires, to the moot-hill of Samoth,
Where should be courses run of famous chariots;
Men, as who dream, behold, full of winged ships,
Yond blowing seas! Lo, sun-blanched, thousand sails!
Much like as where spread fullers forth their wares,
Of line, in flowery meads of Itchin's brook;
Or butterflies disporting o'er the stream,
Which thickly, upon some river-weeds, alight.
Wind warhorns, the four kings of white-cliffed Kent;
And, hastily, kindled is much warning smoke,
Calling to arms. Shout fast-assembling Britons!
To seaward all, then, watch, with glittering spears.
Their knees, as bulls, dance under them, in course:
And pant their hearts, to battle. Rome's longships,
Approach, with weather and with tide. Seen Britons

[1] W. *Cantref*, a Hundred. *Cant*, hundred, and *tref* or *tred*, homestead.

Stand on yond cliffs, so rife; those, further, passed,
Seek where, before them, lies more open shore.
Fast follow warlike Britons: who to horse,
Who, light-armed, running with the justling chariots.
Haste them then Romans, leap down, from their ships,
In the salt billows. Archers, from the poops,
Erst, with thick shot, depulse the Britons' horse.
Mounts Cæsar's phalanx up, with knitted shields,
Then, from sea strand; and ring those chisel banks,
Erst, under enemies' tread! In sliding ground,
Shoot Briton charioteers, their darts, on Romans;
Sustaining, till their first foot-bands arrive,
Tumultuous running thicket of bright spears.
Britons, with shields, and valorous naked breasts;
Hurl enemies' strife, back, on their foster shore!
Ere might entrench them Romans, on the green,
Was afternoon; and still assail tall Britons,
Casting thick darts and stones, their hasty vallum.
Night fallen, murk tempest, that doth fight for Britons,
Afflicts Rome's heavy sailing ships of charge;
And gulfs their long row-gallies, drawn on land:
So that, when lightens day, on Kentish coast,
Like carrion cages of unburied bones,

Strewed in some slaughter field, lie broken hulls.
Perished in those dasht Roman-Gaulish ships,
With great destruction, Cæsar's mariners.
  Beholding legions, cut off from the main,
Stout Cassiobellan, lord of Verulamion,
Choose Britons ; them, in this great war, with Rome,
To lead. That king lays ambush, in dim wood.
  Now Cæsar when, at day, he no more Britons
Discerns, a cohort sends, to reap down corn.
Done off their helms, and laid aside their harness
And shields ; in Britain's harvest fields, Rome's soldiers
Whet their Italic glaives, to reap them bread.
Then suddenly outleapt, on them ; tall glast-stained Britons,
In routs, drive soldiers, towards their naval camp :
Whence Cæsar issuing, armed, them hardly saved.
Sith he, that night time, in what rest of his
Longships, embarked, (now, doubly, is each one fraught,)
His silent legions ; hoised, from Island Britain,
Broad sails, steers over to Gaul's Continent.
  Then Cassiobellan, called all Briton kings,
To Troynovant ; proclaimed, mongst the blue tribes,
One year's high truce. For, like as seen, mongst Gauls ;

For factions, might not Britons thrive nor rest.
Let all their powers be ready, at the New Year ;
When word is, Romans will renew the war.

Now in that month, when churlish winter past,
Blithe cuckoo sings ; and springing the new grass,
Lengthen the days, and kine go thrice to pail ;
And ships sail forth, is, from Gaul's Continent,
Resort of merchantmen again to Britain :
Of whom is heard, that soon will Cæsar pass
The seas ; and that with greater armament.
Then fortifies king Cassiobellan camp,
Felling wide round, in compass, in green wood,
Rampire of thousand oaks ; which, heaped with sods,
His people's cattle might safeguard in wars.
Pass other weeks ; till when, one rising dawn,
Behold, from Cantion cliffs, new Roman navy,
Borne slowly, infinite ships, forth of light wind !
Which failing under land, they thresh, at once,
Wide-wandering waves, with myriad glistering oars.
Cæsar, arriving at shole strand, descends,
On empty shore : where, as the former year,
He fences naval camp ; so rests, till eve.
Come night, his legions march, by the moon's lamp ;
But on all hills, see Britons' warning fires.

Send kings of Kent, before them, battle chariots,
Which station, shrouded in a woody hill:
Whereas, towards dawn, when gin Rome's cohorts pass,
Weary and chill, and ready now to lodge;
Break, with dread yell, forth, on them, woad-stained Britons.
Erst hideous creaking din of battle chariots;
Down-rushing, from hill-steep, disorder Romans.
The sharp bronze axe-tree scythes of Kent-men's war-carts,
Maim many wretchedly; and pierce legionaries,
Those woad-stained charioteers, that shoot sharp darts.
Sounds Cæsar halt; so sends his Gaulish horse,
To vex, on every hand, with javelins' cast,
Those island trains. Britons outnumbered, thrice,
Spent their first force, withdraw them to hill-woods;
Whereas they lurk, in arms, till fall of night.
Was then, that Taran, unchained tempest blast;
And clouds whelmed, of thick darkness, on steep seas.
Uneath might stand a man, for rage of wind,
In breaches of the storm, on Cantion cliffs.
The roaring deep lifts up his boisterous foot;
And falls, on the dry land, in cataracts.
All broken lie, of Rome, the long war-ships,

On Kentish coast. Cæsar, again, in haste,
Returns: and to repair so great mishap,
Sends o'er, for shipwrights, to Gaul's Continent.
Whilst Cæsar tarries at the island's coast,
To Cassiobellan, come much woad-stained youth;
That leap to arms and warfare, as to feast.
Have chanted bards, in their lords' halls, this curse:
Who goeth not forth to warfare, for his gods,
Gainst strangers, which the foster-land invade;
Should not his sire acknowledge him his son.
Shall his own wife and children him, and thralls,
Despise: and shall not those, when he comes home,
Run forth, with joy, to meet him. Shall be burned
His homestead, slain his cattle; and he infamed,
Himself and banned; dead, also, with mischance;
Shall not his father's kindred, last, receive
Him, in soul-kingdom of infernal gods!

First to arrive, were young lords, in swift chariots.

They, when great Cæsar turns, again, from shore;
Vex, with oft ambushes, his legions' trains,
And with the Gaulish-Roman horse contend.
Eftsoons, with warlike host, comes Cassiobellan.
  Lo, midst his marching legions, Cæsar rides,
Julius, (known to all ages,) on white horse!
And bears a purple cloak, this duke; which hath
All great Gaul, lately, tamed. Then Rome's allies:
Sith voluntary rabble, loose, armed, bands;
Which follow Cæsar's fortune, to his wars:
The sum of all, were fifty thousand spears.
  Expedite Cæsar, passed at Conway Stakes,
(Had Cassiobellan fenced that ford, with pales,)
Thames, by his warlike sleight, what though Thames' brinks,
Held Briton chariots; took then, by assault,
(Out of the field,) that hold and cattle-dune,
Of Britons' king: wherein, with infinite beasts,
Few hinds were left. Sith port-sale being made,
Were all, both sheep and beves, to merchants, sold,
For the hides' bare worth; and sold those hirds for thralls.
  In this, to Cantion cliffs, his squadroned war-carts,
Leads Cassiobellan, gainst Rome's naval camp.
Long then was fought blind battle, in the night;

Till wounded Cassiobellan Roman dart.
But him, (blue Britons' war-lord,) in his chariot,
A king of Kent, saved, to nigh covert wood :
Where Cassiobellan, now, in languor, lies.
But when ran voice, that was their war-lord slain,
Disperse, (which gathered were, yond Thames,) blue
Britons ;
Caterfs,[1] in arms, to withstand harnessed Romans.
Nigh-dwelling Trinobants then, first, to Cæsar,
Did sue for peace ; with prayer, that Mandubratios,
Prince to him fled, in Gaul, from Cassiobellan,
Were now to them restored, to be their king.
And Cæsar grants : those sureties give ; and promise
A, yearly, tribute send, to sovereign Rome.
But Gaulish Commius, royal Atrebate,
Both Britons' friend and Romans' ; for not yet
His wrongs were ripe, went unto Cæsar's tent ;
Shows great uprising must be, from the North ;
And that next moon, of all this Island's tribes :
Aye, and Cassiobellan lives. Wherefore deemed Cæsar,
Expedient, to Kent coast, withdraw his legions.
There, after few days, stived his wasted cohorts,
In the weak remnant of longships ; he, loost,
His three-square sails, hoised, from our Britain's coast ;

[1] Lat. *caterva*, a Gaulish word.

And, once more, stood o'er to Gaul's Continent :
Leaving ten thousand, Latin carcases,
(Soldiers, and who armed followers of the legions,)
To dung that island soil, (yet unsubdued !)
He came to reave ; and hoped it to possess.
Rive, angry winds, their sails ! But thou strong Albion,
Which hovest, aye, on thy sheen, (it to safeguard,)
Wide, angel-wings, o'er this, free, sea-walled nation ;
So break their pirate keels, and cast aback,
With shame and hurt, them ; that, with strong armed wrong,
Our erewhile happy Britain would invade !
And thou, whoso thou art, that goest about
To kindle hell, on all our island hearths ;
Shalt be a lord, erelong, (strong Albion saith,)
Of souls beneath the waves, and sunken ships.
Take heed thou, (that would'st slay us,) to thyself,
God abhors Cæsars ! Against such, be, first,
In fight, each hero's hand, and levelled shaft ;
To cut him off, from all Christ's peaceful earth ;
Long battle-trodden ! Rome's late peril past,
Blue Britons, for a season, then, have rest.

Lords ride, in the new year, with warlike chariots,

To Kent's moot-hill : and Britons' parliament,
Assembled, at that tide, lo, to sea cliffs :
Where plays of running horses, and career
Of battle-carts, and many warlike shows ;
With pomp and sacred choirs of white-stoled druids.
Britons' chief druid dreamed, he dreamed it, thrice,
And told the kings ; that image of his god,
Which Samoth, old, set up on Kentish cliff,
He saw, in vision, turn his divine face,
From Gaul oppressed ; and cried immortal voice,
He would remove. The kings, by sacrifice,
Enquire ; and it, by signs, confirm their gods.
Devout, then kings and who chief priests, impose,
On new oak wain ; (whereto have joined their hands,
Two white colts of a year, whilst loud chant druids,)
The sacred image. Might be manifest thus,
Made the high pleasure of the Britons' god.
Cropping the tender herb, those colts draw forth,
With tardy wavering pace. Wend barefoot choirs,
Of white-stoled druids, all chanting where they trace :
With whom much people, which have crowned their heads,
With guirlands, and that carol on green grass.
Descends this sacred pomp, from shire to shire :

By forest Andred, sith by dark Coitmawr :[1]
And come forth all, to worship, where they trace ;
And follow them, with hymns and joyous feast.
Unyoked, at eve, in sheltered leas, are loost,
The sacred steeds, to pasture, till new sun,
Shall mount in the blue oracle of heaven ;
Fair as the eyebright flower, full of clear beams.
  See, how the goddess, Mother of the Year,
Her virgin youth reneweth ! late, having doffed
Her russet homely weed of winter teen,
She takes new raiment, on her, of high tide,
With silver knops and buds of living gold.
The earth her garden is, wherein she goeth,
As Dawn's sweet breath ; and all, with green, bedecks,
And gentle flowers, like a bride-chamber floor.
  Teems earth's wide bosom, of much sunny rain,
As in what tide the firstlings she brought forth,
Of love, in the fair field of a new world.
A shrilling subtil ferment is abroad,
Like harping small, of iris-wingéd flies.
Ean ewes, in shepherds' pinfolds, without throes ;
And fallow-beasts couch, in the fern ; where goeth
By, Samoth's god : in thickets, they bring forth.
Comes every kind, that harbours in green wood ;

[1] The Greatwood, in Somersetshire.

To silver accords of the druids' crowth,
According the swift tripping of their feet,
Forgate their salvage mood. Run the dun does ;
That stand then, mongst the hazel-thicks, at gaze.
Through moor, through moss, and many an oozy ford,
And bourn, they tread ; that, in his hollow brinks,
His pebble-streams, in reverence of the god,
Withholds ; that might they, dryfoot, overpass.
Through launds, and by sweet-smelling underwoods,
Which guirlanded with honeysuckle locks ;
Where windflower blows, and dew-dropt daffodillies,
With robin, medléd in the thicket grass ;
And loved maylilies, most of heavenly grace,
And pure ambrosial breath : where vermeil-white,
Are blossomed boughs, of cherry and the thorn ;
And strew wood-apple blosms, their forest path.
Be these wild garden-grounds of Britain's woods.
Bow down their sprays, the latticed boughs of oaks ;
And seem to crown the Britons' antique god,
With budded bronze. Bordering these breathing pines,
Beyond the forest, lies fair champaign, wide ;
Sweet with wild thyme, and gift of the sun-god ;
Which flower of broom gilds widewhere, and the arms
Of thorny honied whin, that heathbell shrouds ;
In whose frail trembling crocks, the wild bee sleeps.

And, lo, in the element, follow, from green woods ;
(Which druids' pomp o'erhang,) melodious fowl,
Like chapelet, singing praises to the god :
Which past ; see, Britons' fields ! where now West wind
O'erthrows the barley blade, that tender springs,
To the colts' knees. There, putting flower to flower,
This people gather poesies ; and before
The sacred cart, them strew of Samoth's god.
Though, daily, some turn home, each morn more grows
The sacred throngs. And when that blissful sun,
Loosed the god's steeds, is from the earth, gone down ;
The Britons, which have washed in some nigh stream,
Their garments and their flesh, to keep them pure,
Sup of what little in their scrips they bare.
Then, nightlong, making leafy boughs their beds,
The harps they hear and holy chant of druids ;
Whereto, of waterbrooks, soft bubbling noise,
Makes answering voice ; and dew lies on the grass.
Surges blithe lavrock, in the rising sun ;
And chants, at heaven's high gate, that new-born god,
Which looks, with flaming locks, above the world.
Then waken all sweet fowl that sing in the morn.
Hark, their full-throated song, in breasts so small !
Hark, siskin, ruddock, linnet and the wren,

Odzee-zit-spirrink ! each his leman call.
With train of little birds, flits spotted gawk,
From hill to croft. Rides antique Samoth's god,
(Midst Britons, which bear rowan sprays and sheen
Green oaken boughs and holm, from sacred groves,
Devout, forth, in their hands, by these wild paths ;)
Aye tottering image, in new harnessed cart ;
With guirlands, deckt. Now they, at length, approach,
(Foot-weary throngs,) the sun-god's sacred plain ;
Where nations dead, in grave hills, lie around ;
Sun's famed wheel-temple, of the hanging-stones : [1]
Where manifest, once a year, is, with sweet sound,
Of harping, in the skies, the Summer-god,
Who BELIN named. Here loost the sacred steeds ;
At eve, rest Britons : under the horned moon,
All silent lies, save bruit of crickets shrill.

Springs dawn ; joined to the wain, those sacred steeds,
They, whinnying oft ; then, daylong, waver round
That holy fane. When this a se'nnight dures,
A bower build, night-time, druids, of oaken green ;
Which taking root, over that sacred wain,
At morrow, already, ah, wonder of the gods,
Be growing trees ! Moreo'er, was thatch, thereon,
Of clambering ivy-twine, or even, seen !

[1] Now Stonehenge.

Chief priests then, which the mind of Samoth's god,
Explore, interpreting that new heavenly sign,
Bade kings proclaim, that turn this people home.
There guest they Samoth's god, leave, of the Sun.

The moons have waxed and waned, of seven years,
In Britain's skies ; when spake dark oracle,
Nigh city of Troynovant, which, in those days, was,
In chalky cave ; would Samoth's god remove,
Beyond sea-waves. For this, contention is,
In their truce-month, mongst sceptred kings ; whereas,
To Samoth's hill, of Cantion's windy cliffs,
They come to council. Loud there Gaulish Commius,
(Now king, in Britain's isle, o'er Belges' nation,
Are those earth-tillers and, in arms, proud warriors ;)
And whose high heart is turned, as wine, to sour,
To abhor Romans ; cries, The god of Samoth,
O'er Cantion seas, to Brennus' Gauls, would pass,
Mongst Britons armed ; to burn again proud Rome.
But Cassiobellan, come to Verulam home,
Thence marched, to the sun's fane ; fearing lest Commius
Should reave that holy image from Isle Britain.

But angry the sun-god, when voice he hears,
Of strife, and sound of armies in his plain ;
Murrain and pestilence casts on beasts and men :
And dures, in both the hostile camps, that death,
Until, to peace, incline men's weary hearts.
Make covenant then, betwixt those kings, chief druids ;
That were imposed, in sacred cart, again,
That Samoth's god. Kings' yoke, now old, his steeds ;
Which, towards the setting sun, gin new draw forth.
Is season glad : lo, where they journey hold,
Sweet-smelling summer heath and leafy woods !
And sith, by coast, where for wheeled wain, no trode,
Appears ; yet as in champaign place, they pass,
Power of the godhead. Chanting, as they wend,
Devout, much people sue the sacred steeds.
Behold them, after many days, arrive,
Whereas murk forest-isle, Silurian Mona,
A streaming sea-strait severs from mainland.
That Sound, o'erswimming, pass the sacred steeds ;
To Mona's shore. Britons some in frail *curachs*
Follow ; some swimming, other wade, uneath.
Where now salt-dripping steeds, from the grey flood,
Ascend, behold, full of strange light, a cave ;
Cleft erewhile sacred to sea nymphs ; whose voices

Priests ween they hear, amongst the tumbling billows.
Druids the antique image there depose;
Which, midst of empire, in long age to come.

Returned from Mona, send back Briton kings,
Who, cunning most, found with them, wrights and smiths;
To edify Samoth's god, some stately house.
Those timber temple-porch, under sea cliff,
That wonder was; with graven balconies,
And high-reared roofs, and stairs; where sacred pomp,
At each year's end, of the tribes' kings, upmounts.
Come that high tide, they dedicate, in dim Mona,
This work; which liken singers of their bards,
To gold-bright mansions of the blesséd gods.

After this age, in Britain, long endured
Peace; Commius dead, dead also is Cassiobellan.
An handful now, of common cinders, made,
Is mighty Julius; he, whom the whole earth,
Seemed but small compass, for his only tomb.
No more, sails Roman navy, into Britain;
But Britons' summer ships, to Roman Gaul,
With corn: and full of people is the Isle;

Whither trade gainful merchants, from the main;
For hounds and wool; for tinny ores and line.

* * *

Pass other years: and seemeth that her first peace,
Returned to earth; and truce in weary hearts!
Then, in a night, which lightsome seems as day,
Sounded in Mona's temple-cave, divine
Voice, saying; HIM worship, all ye Briton gods!
Dear Muse, which from this world's beginning, was
Seated, above, in heavenly harmonies;
Reveal that Radiance to mine hungry ears,
Thine eyes behold; what sacred Light, far off,
Like New wide Dawn, (for which, men's eyes have watched,
From age to age,) now kindled on the earth!
Whilst Night lies, as a cloak, whelmed on our Britain;
Tell me of Land, under East bent of heaven;
Wherein, is born, the EVERLASTING PRINCE
OF PEACE, SUN of night-darkness of our hearts!
On her cold hills, lo, snow's white raiment lies:
And journeying, on a lowly ass, there rides
A maiden pure, enwombed of heavenly child;
That not of sinful fleshes seed, conceived;
But as of sunbeams' influence, which looked down,

Divine, from heaven. And though, to a just man,
Espoused, she lately was, she VIRGIN is.
They went by Zion's city and hill; whereon,
Melchizedek worshipped: and her temple walls,
(Wherein wont dwell that PRESENCE of the HIGHEST,)
Reverence! Now, towards the winter's even, draws:
They a little twilight hour, yet journey forth;
Then, weary, Miriam lights down at an inn.
They sup: but, sith, (the chambers being full
All, of wayfaring guests,) rose Miriam, pale,
Feeling much burden of her guiltless womb;
And she sequestered her, in an ox-stall:
Where, kneeling, virgin-spouse, on the clean halm,
With folding hands, she sought the Lord and prayed,
It might Him please, her innocency to make known.
God sent then two poor wives, which, of her kin,
Seemed; (but were angels,) in that darksome bower;
To be her helpers. Miriam leaned and slept.
Then opened God the temple of her womb;
And passed the LOVE of GOD, that virgin's BABE,
The gates of childbirth. Shone then all that place,
Wherein no lamp, as full of heaven's light.
Led of an angel, cometh in pious Joseph,
Her husband; who, his eyes being opened, sees
That HOLY BABE; beholds those heavenly ones!

It is the Lord-of-Life, that smiles in sleep,
On Miriam's bosom laid: she, virgin, sleeps!
Were certain shepherds, keeping in that field;
Tent-dwellers of low Jordan's wilderness,
Whose wont is, in high Judah's villages,
Seek, in lean winter season, hire of bread.
Those couched, in penury and cold, and nakedness;
Now chill night fallen, abroad, at their poor fires,
Spread their lean hands, and gazed towards holy stars;
Whence cometh all help, to wretched wights' sore need!
Then, suddenly, are the night-heavens full of strange light,
As day now were! Descending to dark Earth,
Shines choir of infinite heavenly angels, bright;
Singing, Goodwill to men, and on earth Peace!
And triumph in the skies, with holy mirth.
All stoop those angels, to that chalky cave!
Whereas the King of Glory, Light of light,
Lies suckling of poor Hebrew royal maid.
O'er all the World, then, those high starry choirs,
Chanting that new song, in the night, pass forth!
Which hear, in every land, the elect of God,
All virgin-souls, as God first Adam formed:
They see, they hear, dim vision of Christ's Light.
Forsaken lie, in these new days of Christ,

The oracles; and do fail men's fearful hearts.
But in that aweful stound, when the MAN-GOD
His spirit, on heathen Rome's reproachful rood,
Breathed forth, for infinite, infinite, love of souls;
Smote earthquake Britain's Isle. With rumbling sound,
Stumble her hills; as would they kneel, before Him!
But thou me uplift, dear Muse, in heavenly vision,
On thy glad wings, from dull Earth's froward face;
That I might view those admirable things,
Even Christ's New Dawn, on far East hills; and as
The lavrock, Him adore, with holy hymns.
Turn then the tenour of thy golden lays;
And them, to sing Christ's KINGDOM come, accord!
ETERNAL SACRIFICE, now, for wretched wights,
The LAMB was slain; and from the dead, arisen,
The LORD received, again, up, into heaven;
And sate down where, before all worlds, He was.
Sith, to the City of Peace, His Promise, hath,
(The COMFORTER,) Christ, sent down. There, with the twelve,
Lo, a multitude, are believers in the Word:
Mongst whom, young Stephen, erst, hath crown of life
Attained. He, martyr, being before Jews' nation,
Arraigned; and lifting up his eyes, to heaven,

With stedfast angel's face, beheld the Glory
Of the Most-Highest : and, by the THRONE, the Son,
Of man ; at God's right hand, clothed with the sun,
Standing. But Stephen slain, of Jews, to ground,
Amidst his passion, from his dying bed,
(Whereas he fell asleep, on Jesus' breast !)
Of bloody stones, prayed for his murderers.

Then great affliction was ; and scattered forth,
The saints, lo, from Jerusalem, far abroad ;
Like as seed-corn is strewed on an earth's field.
But, in that bloody city, a little fold,
Yet break, from house to house, the bread of Life ;
Few poor, whose souls are of the magistrates,
Sought, in her impious streets, to be cut off.

Behold, at glooming hour, when the Jews sup,
Those lowly saints, to pass her gates, creep forth ;
(So bade them Jesus, flee their enemies.)
Nightlong, then, go those down, by the moon's lamp,
With fearful steps, in many stony paths.

Some to sea-side, gainst morrow, already approach ;
Other, to wells, which in South wilderness,
Of Judah ; some draw nigh, now, Jordan's flood.
There twain wend down unto that blissful lake,
Which Jesus loved ; where, also, with the twelve,

He chose to dwell. The men are Galileans,
Which now, past noon, arrive, to Sychar ; where,
Beside their way, is father Jacob's well.
They, in that fresh plot, lodge then, of green field,
Where Jesus, with the twelve, was wont to rest ;
When journeying up, from Nazareth, to the feasts.
One of those twain, is Shalum, Gileadite ;
Who numbered of the seventy, lately, was,
Of Israel, whom, by twos, the Lord sent forth,
To the hill-villages, which before His face ;
And to every city, whither He would pass :
To heal their sick, to bind up broken hearts ;
Speak Peace, and preach His Kingdom, on the earth ;
And publish this Glad-tiding, in each place.
Parmenas, the faithful deacon, with him, fares :
Is he one of the seven, whom had the brethren,
These late days, chosen, in Jerusalem,
Men, holy, harmless, undefiled, with Stephen ;
To serve Christ's household. Weary they begone,
In the noon-heat, from long wayfare, arriving,
Drink of the women's pitchers, at that well,
Which there draw water. Sitting down, those then,
Apart, eat, in remembering Christ, their meat.
Slumber those brethren, sith, on the green grass.
Shalum, in dream of Light ! beheld the Christ ;

Saying, To bear witness of Me, lo, I send,
You, to nigh city of the Samaritans.
Howbeit those brethren made, being raised from sleep,
At afternoon, as they would, further, pass.
Now, went by Sechem ; they, to that hill-gate,
Approach, which, by Engaddim, leads, to Nazareth,
Through Jezreel's plain ; and whence there way down-forth,
Lies to Capernaum, and that city-shore :
But, was, (them there constraining, the Lord's Spirit ;)
They, it left, on their right hand ; the upper path,
Hold, league's-way forth. By olive woods, thence passed ;
(There where is heap of cursing, which Jews cast,
Of old, o'er Baal-Tartak's idol house :)
They draw, now, nigh to city very great,
Samaria ; whose ruins Herod had set up ;
And with long porticoes, theatre, it, and arcs,
Adorned. And named Sebaste, in gentile sort.
There entering-in, they boldly, from the gate ;
As opened God their mouths, then preach the Christ !
Being come those twain, unto their market place,
Some mock ; but other, gladly, hear their speech,
Philip's disciples : which, home to their hearths,
At eve, those weary brethren lead, to sup.
Late days, had Philip, mighty labourer,

In the Lord's vineyard, eared this hill of Shemer,
And men and women Philip's word believed.
Mongst whom the Gittonite, Simon Sorcerer,
Which baptized, with them, was. Sith went down
Philip,
Bound in the Spirit, in all fair Sharon's plain ;
Preaching Christ risen. And, sith, by the seaside,
(Where hath the saint an house,) he founden was ;
At Cæsarea. Which tiding to their ears,
Come, that in Ephraim, these days, had believed ;
They, amongst their elders, choose out faithful men,
Which should confer with the Evangelist ;
The Shechemite, Assir, namely, and brother Rufus.
Moreo'er those brethren, Jews and Galileans,
Come lately forth from Cephas and the twelve,
Shalum and Parmenas, also, will go down,
In fellowship, unto Philip. Of God's Spirit,
In fasting to enquire, and prayer, together,
With him, concerning questions of their Law,
Which the Angel of the Covenant, from the cloud,
Gave unto Mosa ; and of the Promises made
Unto the fathers ; namely in Abraham's seed,
How should be blessed all kindreds of the world.
And what should signify, the Lord's Mercy-seat ;
Which was in Solomon's temple : yea, and what

That holy thing, the Lord's *Shekhinah*,[1] is.
And what, now, the Lord's will, for Israel, is.
And if, in Christ's New Covenant, have the Greeks,
Their part. Yet erst, as touching Shemer's Church,
(That little gleaning is, of Ephraim's grapes !)
Whereof hath the foundation, truly, laid
Philip : and what, now, taught us Jesus' voice,
Concerning the ordinances ; and that we might walk,
In all things, blameless, in God's holy paths ;
Would those consult, with the Evangelist.
Yea, and furthermore, of God's love unto us,
Which, lately, hath revealed the Holy Ghost ;
(We being One with Christ, and Christ in us.)
Behold, their little company, that descend,
(The third day, early, are they parted forth,)
From the hill-set city. Assir them, by vines,
Leads ; and through olive yards and laurel woods ;
And sith, those brethren pass, o'er oozy fords,
Where crooked stream slides tardy, in thicket reeds,
To blue salt deep. They, two days, wayfare thus :
The third, come down to sea-plain ; those which hold
The strand, their way, forth, by sea's glittering waves,
To city of impious Herod, now arrive :
Whose gates, anon, they pass. Brings brother Rufus

[1] The visible Presence dwelling over the Mercy-seat. In the Heb. word is the sense of *dwelling*.

Them down to Philip's house: but him they find not.
This morn, with certain, from Pentapolis,[1]
Strangers; the Evangelist ascended up,
To the Holy City, unto Jews' high feast.
They lodged then, in his house, will Philip wait.
His mother, Ammah, washeth her son's guests' feet.
Those brethren find, not few, in Cæsarea,
Come hither, from Jerusalem, fugitive:
Mongst whom, that JOSEPH, named of Arimathea,
Just man and honourable councillor:
Who master being, in Israel, and rich lord,
Believéd on the Holy One of God;
But secretlý, and that for world's regard:
Yet boldly, of unjust Samnite Pilate, asked
He Jesus' body dead; deposed from rood,
It washed from blood, and shrouded; and he laid
Him, in his own, (from whence the Love-of-God,
And hope of all our deaths, the Christ, arose!)
Nigh sinners' dying place, new garden grave.
And, as one dead, unto the flesh, henceforth,
Liveth Joseph, risen in Christ, in lowly wise.
Now rich in heaven, he no more fears the Jews;
Whose elders put him from their Sanhedrim.[2]
In Joseph's holy hands, is healing gift,

[1] Cyrenaica; now part of Moorish Tripoli.
[2] Hebraized form of Greek *sunedrion*: *syn*, with, and *hedra*, seat.

So that are sick folk laid forth in their street;
Which wait the saint, what hour his feet should pass.
Brethren, which come from Ephraim, salute Joseph;
With whom, now evening hour, they pray and watch:
And so continue, all the long night-season.
But when now morn, (which sabbath day,) is risen,
They entered in the Jews' chief synagogue.
There, after Moses read, stood Shalum forth,
Servant of Christ: he cries, with kindling heart,
Unto you, is preached Salvation! should not these
Last days, the Lord, among our brethren, choose,
(Whereto bear witness all the holy prophets;)
One like to Moses, which, of every tongue,
Should gather, to Himself, new faithful nation?
And lo, the Lord hath called our brother Ephraim!
Then rose up all the Jews, they stop their ears;
And loud, blaspheming Christ, fling forth, at doors.
And, were not sabbath day, had then been slain,
And stoned, with stones, had been those faithful men.
But when dismounts this tardy sabbath-sun,
To eve, and now is set; in the Jews' ward,

Run hubbub angry throngs, to Philip's house:
Men which have armed, with bats and stones, their hands.
On Ammah's door, they beat, with hideous threat,
And outcries fell! Bring forth those Shomerons,[1]
Which say, in Ephraim, that God's temple is.
Yea and certain entered, with them, Galileans.
In this, went some by, elders, from their town;
Jews, honourable men, that fear the Romans.
These, stayed their steps, such violence gin reprove!
But seld is seen, lewd multitude hath ears.
Greedy of bloody mischief, those thrust on.
Some ribald hand a fire-brand, through the lattice,
Soon cast! Ah! kindles, then, the widow's house.
Ammah her hastes, send, erst, forth, her son's guests,
By her clay thatch; whence, they from thatch, may pass,
To thatch. Sith agéd Ammah, herself 'scapes,
With Philip's two young weeping daughters, forth;
By an inner court, and certain orchard path.
Those brethren light down, then, in little lane;
Which leads, by garden walls, to the sea side.
So issue, with swift foot, and weary hearts,
To the void night, saved from their enemies!
And silent way hold sith, by the sea sand.

[1] Samaritans.

Then kneeled they, all, down, on that rumbling shore,
Do pray. Whilst yet they of these haps, commune,
A slumber, sent from heaven, upon them falls.
Half is that watch, outworn, of heaven's clear stars,
When those awaken. Rising up, they wend,
They wiss not whither: shields them the Lord's hand.
An angel meets them, then, in form of Joseph,
By Straton's Tower; who going on, them before;
By lanes, conveys, to certain hidden place:
(Where secretly is wont assemble the Lord's church,)
Ware-room of Mnason,[1] Cyprian merchantman;
And friend to Joses, surnamed Barnabas.
Now dawing nigh, the first day of the week;
Are men and women, in those vaulted walls,
Gathered of the new Israel of Christ;
Whence, hark! their hymns resound and praises sweet.
Therein, descended, by the stairs, the angel
The brethren leads. Behold all those, on whom
The name is named of Jesus, in this town,
How they break bread; that *manna*, which came down,
From heaven, to us men, sinners. Whilst they eat
One holy Meat, unto Eternal Life;
And sith, that Cup of blessing, they all drink,
With devout hearts, remembering the Lord's death:

[1] Acts xxi. 16.

Those pure elect souls, which were, erewhile, washt,
In Well of Life, such joy have, that they count,
It were, not hard, themselves, to die: so covet
They, as great gain, be ever with the Christ.
Last, lifting Joseph up his hands, to bless,
Bade them be strong, be fervent, in this hope:
So them dismisseth; for now day is come.
Good Mnason bids all strangers, to his house.

At hour, past noon, when erst wanes midday heat,
The Procurator of Judea, for Cæsar;
Marcellus, rides; with retinue of his servants,
And certain cohorts, up to Jews' high feast:
And after him, were shut the city gates.
Then fear, within those walls, Christ's little flock!
What hour the sun, purpling the sea's wide face,
To evening, stoops; when Jews, day-labourers,
From weary toil, without the city walls,
Gin, lo, return, unto their gate and ward;
Thence sounds, eftsoons, new tumult: yelling, run
Jews' concourse, to the city's market place.
Hark! how, in their harsh Syrian tongue, with husk,
Men shout, and angry throats; To Shomerons death!
Cast all, on Him, their care, Christ's little flock,
Who able is to save them; and where less,

They, in suburbs of their streets, hear fearful voice,
They flit. Lead spouses, children, by the hand;
Some bear, at breast, their little ones, that weep!
Are bloody stirs, no new thing, in this town;
Though every nation, Syrian, Jew and Greek,
Disparted dwell; and shut-to, with strong doors,
By night, the gates be, of their several wards:
And Cæsarea all surviews the Roman arx.
Who Christ's, most-part, flee to the Water-port;
Which aye stands open, towards the haven and mole.
There midst long rocking rows of cordéd ships,
Of Mnason's partners, a stout carrack lies;
Ready, with charge of corn, to loose, for Cyprus.
At quay-side, Mnason waits; whose carrack's barge
Lies, at these water-stairs. His freedman, Malchus,
Brings brethren, running down the haven's long street;
On, by the hand, aboard. Last ascends Malchus,
Cry heard, of raging multitude now approach!
He thrusts then, strongly, out from those marble stones.
So sits, to steer, as Mnason him commands.
Loud Mnason charges, Speed to ship! hoise Ithobal,
(Shipmaster,) sail; and part, anon, for Paphos!

Mnason himself, a Roman citizen,
Fears not, mongst raging Jews, still, to remain,
In Cæsarea. Friends Mnason, also, hath,
Of the household of the governor Marullus.

Bend their stiff chines, his shipfolk, on the banks,
That seem, like bows, then, shoot forth long pine oars.
Already are angry Jews come to the port ;
Where mariners lodge, in arches of the mole ;
That, heard this stir, run forth, tumultuous.
Glimmer their firebrands, rife, now longs sea shore !
Gin hail Jews' slingstones, then, upon the water.
That deep-fraught bark, in this, to Mnason's ship,
Arrives. And when all, safely, are climbed, aboard ;
The shipfolk cut her moorlines. They fall off,
And draw their sail up to light evening-wind ;
That here, mostwhat, wont, after the day's heat,
To blow out, o'er salt-deep, from South-west part.
The haven's long marble horns, they slowly pass ;
Where, kindled on the *pharos*, Drusium,
Are watchfires of the night : whereunder, seen,
Bleak row is, lo, of shining statuas ;
The abomination, ha ! of them that perish !
Semblants of gentile gods, in this moonlight.
Them Idumean impious Herod had raised ;

Fawning on Cæsar, who him king ere crowned.
Run-to, that curse them, many yelling Jews ;
Fall rife, on Mnason's shipboard, their hurled stones !
A freshing sea-wind boweth down the vessel ;
That, like dive-dopper, flushing from salt waves,
Runs sprinkling, o'er the deep ; whilst, landward, sound
Sea's infinite surges, as of thousand oars ;
Falling, in measure, on a shelving sand :
Steers their ship's pilot fast in with the land.
When they, in dim night, Dora's rocks have passed ;
His Cypriot seafolk, which Phœnicians are,
At Ithobal's word, strike mainsail. They, their barge,
Then let down, from the board. Their meaning is,
Those passenger Jews, whom hardly now they saved,
From Cæsarea, to set, here, on the shore.
Into that bark, climbed down, men, little ones,
And wives, they crowd. Rowed-forth, soon shouted was ;
That were they well arrived ! But thence, that shipfolk,
Returned, will no more, nor for prayer, nor hire,
Put forth, saying ; how they saw One on yond shore,
Stand, clothed in a bright light ; and that he was
Like their kabîrs,[1] those great and strong ship-gods !

[1] The Cabiri : *kabir*, signifies great.

Whilst thus they reason, sudden blast nigh lifted
Their keel, on shelves ; wherefore they part, in haste.
Blows the night wind ; that Cypriot carrack breasts
Dark justling waves : eftsoon, they loose the land !
That little band, which rest, aboard, of saints,
(And they, in this sea-way, are ill at ease,
Wet, with much flying foam, and cannot sleep ;)
Refresh, with murmured hymns, their travailled spirits.
Lo, Carmel's Sacred Head, whose vines, wide crowns,
New rising dawn ; which passed, in a large bay,
(Ere Akko named, now Ptolemais,) they fleet,
By Hepha's strand. Ithobal, shipmaster, here ;
Those passengers, which remain, would send to shore.
But come is, yestre'en, in, great Smyrna vessel,
Parted from Cæsarea ; on whose high poop,
Stand men of Asia, Jews, returning home,
From the Holy City, where the Passover keep
Did many ; and some that feast of fruits, or weeks ;
But all great day of Jews' atonement fast :
Of whom, last Sabbath morn, in Herod's port ;
Had certain heard, in the chief Synagogue,
Shalum disputing ; whom, on yond ship-board,
Now brings up, in this road, they do perceive ;
And with him Joseph. When those, in their bark,
Then gin descend ; they cry out, in Greeks' tongue,

To Jews on shore : these, running, take up stones !
Then Ithobal hastes, his barge, again, draw in,
And loose, anew, their great mainsail ; ere fail,
This morning-wind. To seaward, Ithobal steers ;
And, leaving, on his right hand, Akko shore,
They drive, eftsoon, by Ecdippa's deep sand :
Which passed ; they draw forth, by the Tyrian Stair,
Where surges hoary, to white cliff upride.

They sail, from thence, by sea-beat cragged strand,
Which yet named Alexander's Tent, for, there,
Was stretched that king's pavilion, at his spear ;
Where he it pight, amongst his phalanxed Greeks :
King whom the EVERLASTING sent to war ;
Wherefore none able were, from West to East,
To stand, before the fury of his face ;
Whence He-goat him God's prophet named, of old,
Which pusheth, with his horns. Way for his chariots,
This made him, in the sea, to island Tyre.
He having present need, to pay his army,
Of certain antique temple of Jews' god,
Upland, (in mountain of the Amorite,)
Bethought him, wherein laid-up wealth, he hears.

Of these things, mused the young king, on his bed,
Till time he weary was : so drew his lamp,
And sate him up, of Homer's lays, to read.

But lifting Alexander, soon, his eyes,
Beheld, beside him, standing, some old man,
Venerable of aspect! mitred whose hoar hairs;
And shined his linen stole, with precious gems;
Saying, of the Father of all men and gods,
Was he chief priest, in Hierosolyma-hill.
This stretcht his hovering hands, o'er Javan's king,
Forbade him, to molest God's City of Peace!
But drawing, from his bosom, forth, bright scroll,
He read therein, of the king's wars to come.
Whilst yet gazed Alexander, on this vision,
And could not speak, it went up from his seeing.
Then called the king, and questioned with his guard:
But made one answer all, They saw no man!
Wherefore, at day, he sent his messengers,
With gifts, to Jews' hill-god; which His priests bade,
To sacrifice, for Greeks' king, an hundred steers.

Then mighty pillar of the crystal house
Of heaven: they sacred Shenir[1] see, from board;
Great rib of earth, which wont were Tyrians call,
The Shining-face-of-Baal, their mighty god:
(Was Israel's far-off border,) Hermon, white;
Whence dwell the tented children of the East;

[1] Perhaps Snowy peak.

Whereon looked Jesus' youth, from Nazareth ;
And, daily, his manhood, from that blissful lake,
Which, like to golden cup, with roses, crowned.
On the hot-shining sea, to noon-tide draws ;
And flags, on the tall mast, now their great sail.
They, tardily, draw by Tyrus' wealthful Isle ;
Where Melkarth's idol-temple, brazen roofed,
High-built, shines midst Phœnician merchant town.
But troubled were, the while, those brethren's hearts,
When cry comes of her markets to their ears :
Whilst they record, how letters the chief priests
Had, from Jerusalem, sent, through all these coasts !
By poor then and grey town, they, slowly, fleet ;
Which in blue sea-waves, glasseth her thick roofs ;
Zarepta city, from low rock, where yore
Time, certain desolate woman dwelt devout ;
Fearing, mongst the Zidonians, Israel's god :
Which nourished, two years, in her widow's house,
God's prophet, (him, who Chariot named was sith,
Of Israel.) There the Lord, also, the sick,
Had healed ; and cast out many unclean spirits.
At length, with lowering skies, this day decays.
Shoots the low sun yet few thwart golden rays,
On that great Zidon, of the fishers' rock.
Beyond them, glooming night, falls ; with few stars :

Then look down covert heavens on their ship-voyage.
Breathes, rising, a night-wind : they laid then course,
Bear up now, for Phœnician Berytus :[1]
Where, those few Jews would send, to shore, good
Malchus.

All sleep now, weary, in their reeling vessel,
Save Adherbal, the ship's pilot ; who the helms
Governs, and few his mariners, that yet watch,
Under the snoring shrouds, their sail. But passed
That headland, which before the city lies ;
A land-wind, sudden, out of Lycus'[2] jaws,
The carrack smites. Staggers their hull, and run
The sea-folk forth ; that fast then hale and brace.
Stands Ithobal ; and on stars and misty rack,
Firming his eyeballs, tempest toward sees !
But sith, here, no safe haven is, he commands,
Bear-up, again, head seaward ! Steer to fetch
Jebail, for shelter, (Byblos of the Greeks;
Phœnician city, of old name, for tall
Ships' timber, hewn in nigh, high, Lebanon.)
Full of main gusts, now starless is their course.
Then lift up, mariners, of this Cyprian vessel,
Their palms, devout, amongst the surges great,

[1] Now Beyrout. [2] The river mouth, now called *Nahhr el-Kelb.*

And roar of storm, to Ashtareth, star-sheen, goddess,
Of strange Phœnice; whose trëen image, crowned
With an horned moon, is, heavenly mother, seen,
In temple-oracle of yond Aphic cliffs;
Amidst blue woody bosom of the mount,
Of lovely Adonis, sacred cedar's grove:
Whereby is that white, welling, cave; wherein
Her handmaids, changed, for grief, to marble stone,
(Were hundred nymphs, which bathed their breasts,)
are seen.
And thence, to deep sea-dale, down-rolls that stream,
Which through Adonis' garden flows; and is
It yearly purpled, as with that god's blood.
What days are wont Phœnician frantic women,
Him to bewail, (their sun-god, Tammuz,) slain;
By tushes slain, of fell wood-boar, alas!
Slain his young beauty, an-hunting in dim forest.
Two days, they, weeping, beat their wanton breasts;
The third, cry; He is made, again, alive!
Lord of the year! and they, with pæans, rejoice;
With dance, loud cymbals and lascivious rites.
Yet more, this tempest's rage, out of the North,
Bearing the night-rain; on his darksome wings,
Scourgeth the hoary waves, about their carrack.
In so sore wind-strokes, Ithobal looseth hope;

To fetch Jebail, his haven, or Tripolis; they
Must run for Cyprus; or, in this sea-trough,
Lie-to all night. What though were perilous,
That open sound, yet is this now their course.
They carry rent and lowly sail; pipe loud,
The rattling shrouds: seize on their trembling poop,
New whirling blasts. Seem surge, above the mast,
Swart seething waves. They see, of Arvad *pharos*,
Last, a dim light; in looking towards the land.
How dread is this sea-night, tempestuous!
Seems, bound unto so frail and mortal flesh,
Man's life, like wafted gossamer, on some cliff;
Uncertain should it fall on field or deep.
Now, covered of swart waves, wind-shaken, groans
Their vessel. Bounden, sits old Adherbal,
To rule the rudder-bands: this dures long forth;
Till hour when look they now the day should break.
Then, to their ears, betwixt the flaws of wind,
Raught noise of breaking waves. The Cypriots sound;
Anon, in dread to fall on some sharp rocks;
But find no bottom. They, for dawn, then wait;
Which yet appeareth not: under the lee,
Then, somewhile, lie; where puts an headland forth.
But when now afternoon, they make account;

New storm-wind, suddenly, smites that Cyprus ship,
Out on hoar deep. And as we see, from furrow,
To furrow, scud, sere bough, in lent-month's blast;
So o'er the wild wave-rows, that Chittim vessel,
Now hurried is, from shelter of the cliff.
Falls night, nor see they the Phœnician star;
Nor lamp shines, in high heaven, of blesséd gods.
The morrow and thereafter, many days,
They drave: then loom was seen, of Crete's white land;
And, through much mist, as gleam of herdman's fire.
And bark was heard, of hound, on some steep shore.
Now Malchus, Ithobal and the Cyprian pilot,
Consult, for their ship's course: and sith now must,
Their hull to save, part lading needs go lost;
They cast out burden of Egyptian corn.
Their sea-beat carrack, then, more upright rides.

Now Mnason's starless ship night-shadow shrouds,
From mortals' ken; but not from heavenly sight.
The Spirit-of-supplication, poising, bears
The evening sacrifice of those few saints,
Beyond the high-starred, crystal firmament.
Heard; and looked down the Father-of-the-World:
He Gadera and Chittim sea, He Tarshish Isles,

Saw; and HE, Ocean-main surviewed; beholds,
In dark storm, labouring, that Phœnician vessel;
Whence feeble cry comes to HIS infinite ears!
Commanded the Almighty FATHER cease
Then tempest's rage! And looked God towards an ISLE,
Crowned with white cliffs, and walled of running waves;
Which full of greenness, HE, the LORD, beyond
This Midland deep, (midst Ocean-streams,) had made.
God smiled; and nodded HIS immortal brows!
And, in that moment, when, of Godhead, smiled
The aweful looks, in her long travail, was
The earth refreshed; and brought forth kindly flowers.
God's voice, out of the THRONE, called angel Albion;
(Is he a mighty prince of heavenly host,)
Saying, Lo, I have compassion on MY saints!
Go faithful Spirit; and to that UTMOST ISLE,
Wherein I will, whilst sun and stars endure,
Were called MINE holy name, MY chosen servants
Convey, which sail in yonder Chittim vessel.
Like unto sunny ray, that holy angel,

Stoopt, through the veil and temple of the stars,
To Middle-earth. Lo, on the misty rack,
He stands as Sirius! Shine out, with dread light,
Murk hollow skies. This holy vision hangs,
Before the slumbering eyes, of sea-beat Joseph,
Who hears, from heaven, a voice saying, Peace of God,
And of his Christ, be with you, in the ship.
Wakes Joseph: sounds this word yet in his ears!
Though cold their bodies, and their raiment wet,
Sleep on the saints: and when the morrow breaks,
Behold, it is the first day of the week.
They risen, come all together, to break bread:
Good Joseph tells them, also, his night vision.
Then consolation creeps, in their dull veins,
Forgetful of dark tempest and sea-waves.
But fear is fallen, on the heathen mariners,
Which sail in Mnason's ship; seen how hath naught
Prevailed their prayers and vows, which they have made,
At sea, to Baalim, these many days.
Then kindle, with old malice, their rude hearts,
Gainst those sad passengers, which be Jews of nation;
Abhorred, in all the world, of men and gods:
That hurl vast tempest, in this winter deep,

Upon them. They gin, covertly, then, conspire ;
Come night, to oppress Jews sleeping, and their corses
Cast to sea-waves ; and purge the vessel's board.
So them might, haply, Baal save to some land.
But were not all, therein, of one accord :
For, mongst them, certain Hamdan, Idumean,
(Whose mother of Jews' kin,) gainst eve, warns Joseph :
Unto Ithobal, Joseph speaks ; and he with Malchus.
Their days are storm, the nights tempestuous ;
And o'er grey billows, they are, aye, wind-driven :
Nor sun they see, nor moon, nor stars, in heaven.
Now is night's watch ; soon spent that little light
Which made their day. Then to the travailled saints,
In the ship's bilge ; whose hearts, with hymns, were rockt,
On quiet rest, shows Albion sudden ray !
The brethren start, from slumber, to ship's hatch ;
And Malchus, Ithobal, Hamdan, find, that watch ;
With swords drawn in their hands, for Mnason's guests.
Is lull, the while, of storm. With murderous yell !
Sudden, in that, break drunken mariners forth,
And wielding glittering knives, from their foreship.
They parted, then, among them, in two bands ;

Rush in bleak moonshine, by the vessel's sides.
Naught heed those Ithobal's voice; that scourges, chains,
Threatens: he smites who foremost, then, in press:
By whom, borne forth; this, from the reeling board,
Ah! plumbs in darksome wild waves' wilderness!
Who thrust on, drunken, bear then back, aghast:
Some reel for lanterns; some call on strong gods;
Other warp cable-rolls. All tend thick ears,
And dreary eyeballs, over seething billows,
Strain; where them thought, above these surges' din,
They heard his drenching yell. Lifting the saints,
Their hearts; they ask that life, for Jesus' sake.
And, lo, swart yawing sea, in hoary lap,
Him bears again, of dim returning billow.
The brethren saints, Christ's saving hands outstretch:
And from the counter, taking, on him, hold;
The drunken drenched wretch, now nigh dead, for fear,
Draw, to their shipboard in, those men of prayer.
Yet turn, of new, the heathen mariners,
Blinded of hell, to slay those innocent Jews.
Then thundered heaven, a lightning split the mast,
And ruins the immense yard, o'erthwart their vessel.
Arrests the shuddering ship, an hand divine.

Those heathen, on their faces, as dead men,
Fall ; for they, standing, saw Some Heavenly One,
Exalted, like a cypress, on sea-deep !
From whose eyes, issue two consuming sheaves,
Of fiery leams. Of Ithobal and of Malchus,
The angel did moreo'er re'nforce the voices,
As seemed were battle-shout of three-score men !
And seemed, as the murk wind, about them round,
Gleamed full of threatful glaives and heavenly spears !
One of the brethren, that thwart-fallen beam,
Whereunder lie bruised wretches overthrown,
With his great faithful force, uplifts, alone ;
Young Alexander, which was Simon's son,
That on his shoulder, bare the Gate-of-heaven.
Nightlong, (for so He loved our souls,) the Lord,
Despiteful contradiction had endured,
Of sinners, spit on, buffeted, ah ! and bruised.
Weary forwatched then, in the morning tide,
Stooped, lowly, His meek neck, the Love of God ;
Whereon, have wicked men laid His own rood,
Heavy and rudely knit, wild-olive beam ;
And it the Lord-of-Life, bears forth, behold !
Follow blind Jews, with train of Roman soldiers ;
That glory give to God, for Jesus' death ;
Shooting out tongues, full of despiteful mocks,

As troubler of their State. Mourn, in the press,
Few men of Galilee, hanging down their necks ;
And covered is their face. And where they pass ;
Daughters of Salem wail on their house tops,
Beating, as for one newly dead, their breasts ;
Of whom had healéd many Jesus' word ;
Yea, and divers had the Lord raised from the dead,
The Lord-of-Life, which goeth forth unto death !
Christ's fasting knees, the gallow-tree, beneath,
Faint. Last, He fell down, in that paved long street,
Which, by the temple, leads, from Pilate's house,
Through the North gate, to paths of Galilee.
Fell the pure body of the virgin-born :
And lay, on street's stained stones, the Christ oppressed !
In that, there cometh one, Simon, by the gate,
From Mizpeh field ; but this averts his face,
From impious Romans, and from sinners' death :
Whom seeing one mighty of limb, gan Pilate's soldiers,
Calling him Mule ! compel, threatening their spears,
Take up the cross of this condemned to death ;
And bear where hanged are thieves and murderers !

But quail, in Mnason's ship, the mariners' hearts ;
Seen so dread tokens, as of angry gods.

Before the glaives of Ithobal, Hamdan, Malchus,
They now recoil, confusedly, to their bay ;
Where shuts them Albion in. With sceptre, he
Thrusts on the carrack ship ; that speeds all night,
O'er infinite blowing forest of salt billows.
The saints, with Malchus and good Ithobal, watch :
In whose hands, swear those shipmen, when new day
Is made ; by their great gods, Peace to the Jews !
The seamews, hoary, crying round their vessel,
Is sign, those shipfolk ween, of some nigh coast.
Ere noon, men, on their backboard, loom, discern,
Of land ! Isle Iranim[1] they, eftsoon, it deem ;
Which shows, like mountain, midst high-running billows,
Station of the Phœnician merchandise.
Great surges break, in spouts, on yond swart cliffs.
Here can they make, for rage of storm, none haven.
But, unto all which ask him, Ithobal license
Grants, which their weary lives would, in the skiff,
Out of his ship, (that unseaworthy is,)
Hazard, through perilous waves, here, save, to land.
Adherbal, more inward, steers then with the coast :
Where seen some skerries break the billows' force ;
Whose rolling caves seem watery sepulchres !

[1] Perhaps Pantellaria.

The mariners haste them, let down their ship's barge,
Which fleets, in jeopardy to be staved. On Baal!
Men cry and call, which leap down to frail bark!
Now on surging billow climbs: they thrust then forth.
Only the pilot, that lies sick and old,
With Malchus and good Ithobal, in the carrack,
Abide; and Phelles, he whom saved the brethren;
Nor this would them forsake, for any death!
Those travailling, in their barge, with broken oars,
Now mantle spread for sail. On watery hills,
Lo, borne, towards heaven; they seem then shrink beneath!
Soon covers them, from sight, a falling mist.
The brethren, gazing on that boisterous gulf,
Pray, (so Christ bade them,) for their enemies.

This wind goes down, upon wild waves, all night.
They sleep, till morrow's break, with cheerful face;
Like to some gracious dawn, in Canaan,
With azured sea and firmament of gold.
How bows that pilot old, upon the plank,
(Murmuring his heathen hymn,) his brow, to kiss
The holy sunbeams, garment of his god!

Finds Ithobal, there is corn yet in the ship,
And loaves unspoiled ; and water might suffice,
For many days. Cast angles in salt deep,
Now calm, the brethren ; and take store of fish.
Sith gather all hearts comfort, whilst they dine.
Then Joseph and the saints sing temple songs,
With holy mirth and rest, in their sad hearts.
Consult good Ithobal, Malchus, Mnason's servant,
And Adherbal, pilot : they, and this wind shift,
Would bear up for great Roman Carthage-port.
To winter, there, they purpose and refit :
And turn, from Egypt, with the merchant fleet.
Men of the sea, they hew away their mast,
Was split ; step boom, sling yard, whereon they bend,
A driving sail. But scourges winter blast,
New, o'er sea-deep ; which hurries, from her course,
Their tottering carrack. Bound, sits Ithobal,
Unto his helms, all night, in the dark hatch.
He heard, then, in his ears, sound heavenly voice,
Saying, Ithobal, take no thought, for thy ship's course.
He sees, how, midst sea-streams, lies glittering path !
Wherein his ship descending in the West.
From whence, by rudder's sway, or set of sail ;

Can he his keel not wrest. But like as stork,
Which, in her season, flits to soil far off :
(Closing her eyes, she beateth her wide wings,
Through the night-murk ; and yet she faileth not ;)
So Mnason's ship holds to her destined port.

BOOK VII

ARGUMENT

TALES of the brethren, which are cast away in Mnason's vessel. They are driven to a desolate isle; whereas dwelling, somewhile, they refit their carrack. Last when the island's forest burns, they flee, again, to shipboard.

Their ship is driven by the straits of Melkarth-Hercules; from whence, they are borne forth, on a South wind, in the Ocean Stream.

Demons of those coasts assemble, to parliament, in Abermaw, vast cave of Gaul. They send ambassadors to Satan. With them, returning, Satan sends Abaddon into Gaul. The power of the air assails the saints' vessel.

The Muse's scroll. Vision of GREAT HELL.

The Heavenly Watchers save Mnason's vessel. Albion descended from heaven, scatters the demon-swarms.

BOOK VII

Are these, the brethren's names, in Mnason's vessel,
Souls foreordained, whom Christ sends unto Britain :
Joseph and faithful Salema, the saint's wife ;
And Aristobulus, kinsman to the Christ,
Of Miriam's house : who tarried, slow of heart,
Till from the dead, rose Jesus ; to believe.
But standing, daily, then, in Solomon's Porch,
And being an eloquent man, he did confute
The Jews. And when was Stephen stoned, rebuked
Them, boldly. Nor, for that, he ceased to preach ;
That Jesus, risen, is the very Christ.
Then some laid, on him, hands, to hale without ;
To stoning place. But saved the Roman watch ;
Whose captain him, to Pontius Pilate, sent,
In Cæsarea ; who finding, in the man,
No cause, him loosed ; and dwelled the saint, with
Joseph.
And there is Barnaby, singer of sweet lauds,
One numbered, erewhile, with the eremites,

Called the Lord's Poor ; which lodge, in hollow rocks,
And booths, in wilderness of the Salt Plain ;
As thou, to city of Jericho, goest down :
Where they converse, as angels, on the earth ;
And cleanse, by washings, and through daily fast,
Body of this death, which doth our souls molest.
Went Jesus up to Galilee, unto the feast,
Journeying, by Jordan ; and great multitudes,
Which heard him, and would see His mighty works,
Followed His footsteps, on both sides the stream :
Came Barnaby's company, heard voice of great press,
Forth, from their caves, to see the Teacher pass.
And stood the multitude, for, lo, in that point,
Some sick ones, certain, unto Jesus brought ;
Who, laying on His hands, healéd them all.
He opened then the eyes of one born blind,
And all men marvelled. Jesus turned His face,
Looked upon Barnaby ! and the eremite's heart
Leapt ; and in that was molten in his breast.
Then Barnaby followed, in that cragged path,
Which mounts aye up, to Zion's holy place.
He came to Bethphage ; and beheld, far off,
Jesus, Who standing, midst much people's press,
Before a tomb. Then, loud, the Lord called Lazarus !
And he, which had been, three days, dead arose.

But Barnaby entered, in Jerusalem ;
He, in the temple, heard the Master preach.
Last, in that dayspring, when the stars did weep ;
With Jesus' brethren, and the twelve, and Lazarus ;
The Roman band, he followed, trembling, forth.
And come without the bloody city's gate,
He stood ; and Jesus saw, ah ! nailed on cross :
And twixt two thieves, how lifted-up, alas !
And, from their walls, mocked cruel Jews, aloud.
Then did long sorrow wring their faithful hearts,
Until, like lily, folds the Lord, on rood,
His virgin head, and passed His suffering flesh !
(Ah ! ignominy of a malefactor's death.)
But thou, cursed gallow-tree ; for died, on thee,
Jesus, art named our Tree-of-Life, henceforth.
They kneeled and wept ; and quaked the centred earth,
And fell a dread great darkness, on the ground ;
And rent that rocky hill was, from beneath.
He saw, from sepulchres, rise some holy dead ;
And lift, towards that bloodstained, life-giving, wood,
Their arms, from shrouds : and Him, which hanged thereon,
Adore ! They entered in the city's gate ;
And in dim shadow, (when, the sun eclipsed,
Forsaken were her streets,) those walked unmarked.

He saw Christ risen, and he believed ; and sith,
Saw Jesus taken up, from Olivet !
Then, with his mother, Barnaby, in Ophel, dwelt,
Nigh to Mount Zion ; which is the Levites' ward :
Where also the high-builded house of Joseph ;
Whereas, prepared, for Jesus and the twelve,
The Passover was ; wherein the Lord did bless,
(Eve of that day, when He was offered up,)
Last dear Remembrance, of the wine and bread.
There dwelling, His disciples did await,
The Promise : and with Miriam, they conversed ;
Which virgin-mother was, of the Lord's flesh.
But when was Stephen stoned, fled the eremite saint,
With Sabra, his mother, down to Cæsarea.
And given to brother Barnaby, is a new spirit,
Of song ; and voice, to hymn Christ's kingdom sweet.

Then Shalum that, is named, the Gileadite,
Howbeit, of Galilea, his father was :
Who dead ; in Ramoth, fostered was his youth,
Amongst his mother's kinsfolk ; where being grown,
To comely manhood, Israelite devout ;
He journeyed to Jerusalem, to Jews' feast.
But come to Jordan flood, in that he passed,
By the stream's midst, singing, with manly voice,

A song of Israel's sons, ascending up,
Before the Lord ; John, which baptized there, poured
Water, that seemed as fire, on Shalum's head !
Came the young Gileadite unto, Daughter-of-Zion !
Thy strong walls of Salvation, and high towers,
Those tried foundations, pleasant goodly stones,
(The City of Praise ;) and he, from brook, upmounted,
Of Kidron ; enters in the Holy Place,
By the gate Beautiful. Shalum then, midst press,
Of devout Jews, which there, before the Lord,
Stand, seemeth the stedfast pillar of a palm ;
Mongst trees of the wild field. Sith, certain kinsfolk,
He, of Beth-saida, (Philip's city,) found ;
Of them which lodged, in villages, olive-yards ;
Or even under thick trees, without the walls,
(Having, strangers, none acquaintance, in the town.)
Have those persuaded Shalum, then, go down,
After the feast, unto Gennesareth,
With them, to claim his father's heritage.
Now, when, of Passover, the seven days were ended,
And being, this year, also, his mother dead,
In Ramoth Gilead ; what time parted forth,
Those, mongst the great returning companies,
Of Galileans, that hold the upper path ;
He follows with them. The eighth day, they pass,

By hills of Nazareth. Shalum thence went forth,
With those his kinsfolk, to Tiberias :
Where, of the Tetrarch, was his father's field
Restored ; and who were seized thereof, hath Herod
Antipas, from his judgment-seat, condemned,
To pay, the forepast fruits, out of their goods.
In the next month, among the husband folk,
Young Shalum tilled, nigh to that blissful lake,
His glebe ; and as he wrought, still looked towards heaven,
Musing, when should that Promise be revealed.
And, aye, he, in bosom, bears Isaiah's scroll.
And wont is Shalum, in the open field,
Therein, what hour his labourers eat their bread,
To read. But, when now barley-harvest ended,
Was bidden Shalum to a marriage feast,
(Is that in Cana,) to a kinsman's house :
And calléd thither, the Lord's mother was ;
With kinsfolk of the bridegroom's house, from Nazareth.
And that same day, ascending from the lake,
With few disciples, (Andrew, James and John,
Simon and Philip,) to high wilderness ;
Befel, that Jesus fared, by Cana ; and taught
The Lord them, in the way, as they paced forth.

And, hearing them, from door of the spouse-house,
Came forth the bridegroom, (young Bar-Talmai,) crowned,
With lilies fair ; anointed and parfumed,
With myrrh, and clad in raiment white. And calls
Them in, from Cana street, his joyful voice ;
(Is day of his heart's gladness :) calls, by name !
To his espousals. Mongst the marriage guests,
They sit : and sith, with singers and with lights,
The bride brought home ; when timely hour, they sit,
To sup, in linen marriage garments white :
And given thanks, stretcht forth right hands, they eat,
With gladness ; and sith drink. But when wine lacked,
To chief one of the servants, Jesus spake.
Those draw then, from the water-fats there set,
For the Jews' washing ; and bear forth, thereof,
At Jesus' word, to all the bridal guests :
That marvel, tasting of their new-filled cups !
Supposing, this some fetcht-in old wine was.
The morrow after, from high wilderness ;
Where He, in prayer, continued had, all night,
Again descending, Jesus, to the lake,
By Shalum's field, lo, cometh, in stony path !
And Shalum, husbandman, scatters his seed corn,

After the plough, and chants prophetic verse ;
He shall grow up, before Him, as a root
Out of dry ground. On Shalum, Jesus looked !
As sunny ray glanceth through waterbrooks,
So Christ's gaze pierced his being. The Lord spake,
Shalum !
Who took his cloak and staff, and followed forth.

Nor least is Alexander, Simon's son :
Nor any is least, nor any first, in heaven.
Moreo'er, is Barnaby's mother, Sabra, of them
Which washed the Master's feet : and numbered is
With the holy women, called the Hosts-of-Christ,
Which had both ministered to Him, in the path ;
And of their substance also, in the feasts.
Of whom was Salema, Joseph's wife ; and niece
To Anna prophetess. In high Mizpeh, dwelt
His mother, Elyma, widow ; one whose gates,
Unto all which fared by, to the Holy Place,
Stood alway open : whence might such refresh
Them, in their way, with bread and wine ; and rest.
Thus, also, came Salvation, to her house.
Miriam, with child and weary, there did rest :
And sithence Jesus, with His parents, both ;
Night of what day they, longtime, had Him sought ;

With hearts of sorrow, in their straitened breasts.
Words spake then, of the Kingdom, and the Faith,
That Holy Child, of Israel ; insomuch,
Was that day, kindled in the widow's breast,
A lively hope, were this He, which should break
The Yoke from off their necks : and spake thereof,
Elyma, at Lydda, unto rich young Joseph,
Affianced to her daughter. These be, Christ!
Thy little church, that fleet, in Mnason's ship.

Now month is in ; when set the Pleiades,
Shipmen forsake sea's boisterous wilderness ;
Laid up, in havens, their carracks and long ships.
Only this storm-beat carrack holds the deep.
Though long be, till crude winter season change,
Dear to the saints, are their seafaring days ;
Wherein new birth and childhood of their lives.
Fair is that fleeting fulness of the seas,
In whose round molten bosom, their keel rides.
Falls now the storm, and sleep grey dapple waves :
Or these like fallows, and much furrowed field,
Whose springing blade is wallowed of the wind.
And aye sea's infinite bruit is in their ears,
Like to an everlasting voice of God.
Then seem the watery billows clap their hands,

Their keel beneath, that breasts the watery path.
And seem, in still days, these wide-wandering seas,
Neath crystal bent of heaven, like sunlight helm,
And glittering hauberk of the Lord of Hosts!
But when stoops tempest, on the craggéd deep,
Lifting up billows, like to blowing woods,
Those seem some barking wolves, that scour to land.
Or hurled together, with high-running crest,
Foaming out rage, they barren rainbow-drops,
Do toss again into the windy loft.
In tumult, then, of storm, waves ride on waves;
Like God's great army of justling chariots,
And squadrons rushing, in long confused ranks;
Or thousand cataracts, on the dry land.

Now in that dark-ribbed chamber of the ship,
Writes Joseph record of the days of Christ,
Paths of His feet, words of His blesséd voice,
Which fell, like dew of Hermon, on men's souls:
His wondrous works; Christ's death on gentile cross.
And how being risen Jesus, from the dead,
Was forty days, of many, seen alive.
This, daily, in those few brethren's ears, he reads;
Whereto they, with one heart, confer what things,

Each one, his eyes, his ears, his happy hands,
Have seen, heard, handled, of the Word of Life.
Moreo'er them, those few gentile souls, hath given
The Lord, which, mariners, sail in Mnason's vessel;
Save Adherbal, pilot, old in rust of sin;
Which to God's spotless Lamb, might not be won.
Naught profited them hath Baal, in time forepast,
Astarte, Adonai, Melkarth, their false gods,
Nor the Kabîrs, those great ones of their ships,
Glad tiding they receive, from Joseph's lips,
Of heavenly love, and soul's-rest after death.

So long, in heaven's darkness and much rain,
They fleet, the saints, well-nigh, forget their count
Of days. Oft reason their sea-faring men,
Whither, in seas, they drive; if nigher were
They Gadera,[1] or jeopardy else of Lybic coast?
Somewhiles, they tell, of many adventures strange,
These seas beyond; where vessels of long voyage,
Sailing, by stars, wont, after moons, arrive;
And Syrtes, (waves commingled with quick-sands;)
And paths of far Phœnician merchandise.
Tells Ithobal, master, of fair Isle, which lies
Long past the gates, of Melkarth-Hercules,

[1] Now Cadiz.

Outward, amidst vast Ocean's running stream ;
Whence, in his father's days, storm-driven vessel,
Which loosed from Gadera forth, was returned safe.
Lies, neath wide heaven, men deem, none further coast.
And seems that isle, whose midst a mount, to fleet ;
Whereon the firmament, stayed, like a steel glass.
Is that the Island of the Blessed ; where souls,
Pure from all stains, and now immortal made,
Dwell in a mountain, which ascends to God.
More fair are those than children of the world,
Nor know they travail, or for meat or cloth ;
Nor tempest's wrath, nor snow, nor winter's scathe ;
But pluck ambrosial fruits, in holy grove,
Whose leaves, is fame, drop honey ; and are, therein,
Twain living wells, which flow forth wine and milk.
And crowned their brows, with never-fading flowers,
All days, in feast, with joyous dance, those pass.
The pilot old, tells, how his ship-feres cast
Away, far in the sides were of the North,
Where hanged the stedfast star, above their mast ;
Nor this, that we know, day, nor night, is there,
But each, by long returns of half the year ;
Their year one day : men plough, at dawn, and sow,
Harvest at noon ; and gather fruits, at eve.
Yet, in their long night, is clear flickering gleam,

Of frosty stars. Cold cliffs, of that sea-deep,
Are blue-ribbed ice ; whence oft strange lofty sounds
Are heard, as lute-strings knapped, of the ice-god.
Clothes those dull waves, much fleeting icy dross,
The rotten spume of an eternal frost ;
Wherein seen swimming hairy strange sea beasts,
With visages of men, and immane fish ;
Whose gape, they say, might swallow a great ship.
Tells Ithobal then of soil, whose stones are tin,
And silver mangers of Hesperian steeds ;
And mighty rivers, rolling golden sands.
But in those seas, by night time, kindled flames,
On many a foreland, shine, to misguide ships.
Tells shipman Phelles, how on Zidon's quays,
Sit old worn mariners, that with toothless chaps,
Carp of strange seas, and marvels still report,
Of many far-off lands, which they have seen.
But, all seem shadows, fables of vain things,
As who should hoise a net, on his main-yard,
To sail his ship, or would pursue a bird ;
To these now newborn souls, which them submit,
To God, in Christ, great gain of their lost voyage !
The tinny wedges, silver, iron, the brass,
Wherefore, wont Cyprus' ships trade to far coast ;
What Araby parfumes, and fine gold, sends forth ;

Hind ivory, and doting Mizraim [1] linen wares,
And Javan [2] bronze ; whence, Zidon's merchant folk,
Wont turn enriched, in paragon, seem as dross,
Of those new riches of our souls, in Christ.

Weary begone, all on the winter seas,
They drive, one night-time, sleeping in their carrack,
Under an isle, not far from Tartesse [3] coast :
There sheltered from all winds, the vessel rides.
When morrow breaks, behold, a forest cliff !
Phelles and Malchus swim, on boards, to land.
In little islet, warped the rest their ship,
They now, by stairs, descend on the white sand.
Is comfort, in all hearts, when stand their feet,
Now on fast earth, out of the unstable deep.
Then some, spersed forth, their garments wash, longs shore ;
And in the sun display. The holy women,
Bear meal out of their ship : sith kindled hearths,
They bake, neath sandy embers, hasty-bread.
But Malchus ranging, to search out those cliffs,
Hath found, mongst sharp wild crags, some sullen cave,
Shelter for all their souls. They sing an hymn,

[1] Egypt. [2] Ionia or Hellas. [3] Phœnician Tartessus, in Spain.

And giving thanks to God ; on these sea-brinks,
Now sit to dine. O'ershines glad winter's sun,
Them, of an azured heaven, golden fair.
Then, to that hold, they gather leaves and halm,
Some draw in boughs, defence from the night wind :
Other pight pales, hang curtains, and divide
Their bower. This, chamber, for the stuff and women,
That, for the men. They, gently, bear then, in
The pilot ; who, sith when Isle Iranim,
They passed, lies bedrid. Speechless, nigh to death,
This dreams and oftwhiles wanders, from his mind.
Here lodged, at eve, they thank God for good house.
Long yet the nights ; but they, with great heaped fires,
Do them recomfort, of sweet-smelling pine.
Phelles, who climbed the cliffs, to-day, surviewed
The land ; had seen nor house, nor earéd field,
Nor path of wight, but all lie salvage wild ;
Wherefore, to-night, their carrack, without guard,
They leave : and sithen having supped and prayed,
And them commended to the grace of God,
Their eyes, in peaceful rest, the Angel closed.
They rise, at dawn, up from their leafy beds :
And when they lifted have their hearts and prayed,
Fetched Phelles saws and axes from the ship.
Him follow, and good Ithobal, all, to forest.

Those shipfolk, and the brethren, by them, taught,
Labour together there, refit their carrack :
They hew down pitch-trees ; plane new yard and mast ;
And boards, whereof to frame another bark.
And sweet that labour was to them which wrought.
Travailling their hands, converse their souls, in earth,
With angels seemed ; and, in their midst, is Christ.
Nigh the sick pilot now, to his last end,
They pray and lay, at eve, on him, their hands :
At dawning ray, he passed. Old Adherbal, dead,
They bear, sun-setting, forth, to blue sea-brinks ;
Where digged is, (which he, dying, asked,) his grave :
Pight Phelles sith a steer-staff, at his head.
They caulk, with hassog reeds, they pay, with pitch,
That Ithobal stills, to make her staunch, the ship.
The holy women sew their mainsail rent.
They heave her tackling taught then, and redress
Her wicker bulwarks. This dures forth, few weeks.
Were sitting, in a twilight, after meat,
The saints, whom Albion sees now well refreshed ;
When bitter choking reek smites on their sense ;
And where they, late, charred wood, strange glow is seen :
Fly skritching birds, in current of night wind.

Hark rushing, in nigh thicket, of wood beasts!
Leap up, ah! on hill-brow, wild crackling flames.
The Angel breathed then terror in their breasts!
So that, caught up their bundles, all flee forth;
Nor any turn their face; till, come to ship,
They climb, amazed, aboard, with panting hearts!
So cut her moorlines. Wafts them evening wind,
Then, from that land. Lo, like to brazier, burns
The Isle, behind them, with much falling smoke;
And ruds the waves. They, come out, to the large;
Hoise sail. But Albion guides the carrack's course;
Appeasing their desire of the dry land.

They come then carried, in discourse of days;
Where currents fight together of two seas,
In Tartesse-straits;[1] twixt opposed beetling cliffs,
Derne Kalpe and Abyla. (Mongst Zidonians, is
Fabled, that rent them Melkarth-Heracles,
In-sunder; where, erewhiles, was long ridged mount!)
They see, where their keel fleets, thick bedded ribs;
(Clothed with long tangle-locks, of wild sea-wrack,
And shells,) of many drowned and broken ships:
And, under rumbling caves, strewed the white sand,
With skulls and dreary bones of mariners;

[1] Now named of Gibraltar.

That, to and fro, washed in cold-sliding billows,
Do make their everlasting moan, to God!
Beyond, illimitable deep, appears!
Rolling to heaven, high watery wilderness;
Whereto their carrack tends, as she did know
Her path. They, from that inner sea, passed forth;
Lo, stoops, now, sun's vast rundle, to her rest.
They, looking back, behold those ends of land,
Ah, token of God's peace, with rainbow, crowned!
Them smites then Lybian wind. Yet other days,
They drive: till, by noon-shadow of his staff,
Night stars, and his ship-card, good Ithobal casts,
Their height were nigh now that of golden Tagus;
Whither trade Zidon's ships, for tin and brass.
They, sith, sailed by two high tempestuous capes;
Which passed, before them, lies vast treacherous gulf,
Where peril is, by keels of cruel pirates;
Whence on sheen circle of the empty deep,
Their sea-wont mariners' eyes, all day, ben fixt!

Last looms great Gaul's hill-coast, before their mast;
By vertue of Julius, late subdued, uneath,
To imperial Rome. Gaze-on, with lifted hearts,
The saints, till skies, in russet hews, ben clad:
And sith, through glooming eve, till the night-murk;

When wafts their ship, from land, new springing
breath.
So that, when day now daws, appears Gaul's coast,
Like far-off tents ; which, sith, they see no more.
Droops, dies the wind, to calm : twixt the sheen
heavens,
And this wide-circling deep, seems hang their ship.
Poises, past noon, to the heaven of heavens, high
Albion,
That mighty angel ; midst bright Seraphim,
To stand. Yet, in his parting, the bruised carrack,
He sealed with signet, graven with that Name,
Which cannot uttered be of men or angels !
He went, to Godhead up, like sudden gleam,
Which mirror casts, against the sliding sun.
And, in his parting, feel the saints of Christ,
A creeping cold ; as one who sits by hearth,
Whose kindly flame, now dying, is nigh spent.
Albion's ascending, have malignant spirits
Beheld, whose habitacles in these coasts.

In upland Gaul, amongst vast pathless brakes,
Dark rock-ribbed gulf, in dim Carnutian wood,
Dread Abermaw, (which sounds the Gate-of-death,)
To hell descends ; and baleful is the place.

None herdsman thither leads his wavering flock,
Few only wicked herbs, that mould brings forth.
Who wayfare in the wood, wend far about ;
Nor feet of any fugitive durst approach :
Nor, in that soil, is heard man's living voice ;
But booms the owl, wolves ghastful yell, by night,
And there, the spotted lynx, her harbour hath ;
And o'er the dwale-grown cankered bramble-thicks,
The uncheerful spider, weaves her poisonous gins.
Is fame, huge Yotuns[1] digged, that griesly pit,
Of old, what time made earthborn giants revolt,
Gainst the long-living mightier, sky-born, gods ;
Shelter gainst hurled-forth lightnings of heaven's wrath.

And, quoth the Muse, In that dim loathly gulf,
Saw I great twilight train, assembled spirits !
With trump and immane arms and boisterous looks,
Gods Caradoc, Bran and woad-stained Camulus,
Whose iron mails, yet, were black, with battle-blood.
Terror and Murrain came to those war-gods ;
Whom followed yellow Pestilence and pale Flight ;
And came mad Discord, drunken of the cup,
Of mixture of men's blood and heaven's wrath.
I saw, like Ocean, in vast boughts, uprolled,

[1] A. Saxon *eóten* ; a supernatural race of giants, enemies of the gods.

Then immane worm, of hellish countenance,
Bit of whose teeth is an aye-rankling sore ;
And blasts fair world, so wide, her carrion breath :
Wreak, madness, pangs of hell, are in her voice !
And hiss her tongues, of rancorous fell despite,
From morn till eve, against the very gods.
(Her gods have, whom they shun, named Household Strife.)

There saw I Faction, full of whispering jaws,
Much strife of words, whence springing enmities :
And warlike Gaul this challenged for his own.
Nigh whom, with impious looks, brain-wasting Wrath :
All-kindled were his eyes, as coals. On jars,
And frantic outrage, set is his delight.
To their decay, men hearken to his voice.

Disdain went by, then, tiptoe stalking demon ;
With countenance of high mind, and wondrous worth :
But aye thing, which he yester did affect,
With strouting lips, to-day, contemns this fiend.
Then blasphemous Despair, lean crooked wight ;
That stinks of misery and is evil breathed.
Where enters this, like thief, unto an house,
Hope, on the threshold, dieth ; and as he goeth,
He murmurs to himself, All life is loss,
And, oft, this slew himself, with burning knife.

Swelling Ambition, busy climbing demon,
Passed by, like he-goat, standing on the nape,
Of silly sheep ; whence leapt, anon, he stalks,
O'er heads of men's tumultuous multitude.
This seen his father fallen, would hardly stay
Uplift the old wight ; sith only himself he loves.
Yet in his heart, could find, to die, the fiend ;
So trumpet fame should blaze his empty praise ;
And his name, fable of men's idle hours,
Ride upon tongues, that sound by the rank breaths,
Of taverners, harlots, gulls. And still this looks,
For some exceeding meed of his light parts.

One, masking in a cloud, mongst thronging fiends,
Drew nigh ; of kin to those fell Spirits forepast.
Old Riches him, (but some say, Envy, part,
His father was,) on mother base, begot,
Lewd Ease. Brute-Ignorance, sith, the demon nursed.
Wherefore this is, whom gods of darkness named,
Presumption, for all his vain-glorious boast,
Maugré his o'ergrown, sluggard, unknit, joints ;
Still found, at proof, to every manly work,
Unapt. He seemeth some lourdain, lither, youth,
Distempered, foul, distract ; the milk-beard springeth
Yet hardly on whose peaking, froward, face.

Presumption, wise words of the old, despiseth ;

And who, before, expert. What though this demon,
Do, each hour, fall from some dread precipice ;
Yet, nor by such, may he, nor other's hap,
Be taught. This deigns, from his cloud-height, uneath ;
And that, with lofty blighting eyes, look forth,
On sick world's, burdened, bruised, bound, multitude ;
That sore must travail, and wear thrifty cloth.
The fiend takes but small keep of other's merit ;
Since only he would, himself, should be set forth,
(Vile counterfeit !) The remnant, he accounts
Dust, base world's dross ; even who divinest spirits ;
Aye, and every lofty work of theirs bebarks,
Presumption, still, with his hot carrion breath.
Heart-nipping Envy saw I nigh approach.
Is this a meagre, hollow, homicide, fiend,
Whom once high gods bound with a brazen band.
Aye grudging hear of other's happy chance,
And full of teen, this murders his own mind.
His gossip, derne Suspect, with frozen face ;
For dread of thing should never come to pass,
Saw I ; and of a poison-cup this drinketh,
Who eyes awry, of double-meaning, hath.
Pride stalked by, on long shanks. Is his the vaunt
Of some high lignage. Twin he of Self-love,

And father of Mischance. Is his pretence,
A fond pre-eminence. This demon hath
Two hidden asses' ears, under his hairs!
Came dogfaced in, nefarious, Avarice;
Who wars breathes on the earth. Guile, glozing fiend,
Full of veiled eyes, passed crippling to the ground.
And every eye a glistering adder seemed,
That lieth, in baleful wait, under some bush.
Yet monstrous demon saw I, shake those cliffs,
Strong Spirit of Storm. As stands some drizzling pine,
Sere, without rind, and muted-on of birds,
Mongst lower woods; so this mong demon gods.
Heaven's lightning blinded had his boisterous face.
A whirlwind on him seized, and smote to ground;
Where, flocking, trode on him all other fiends.
I saw hell moved; mongst those infernal spirits,
Stirred tumult rife; and midst much striving, was
One haled, by the hair: and Violence hurled him forth,
From that assembly; unworthy found, consort
With fiends! For as dread demons the High God,
Above them; they as much, beneath, abhor
Blind blasphemous Despair; whom cannot hell

Contain, nor floods withhold of Tartarus:
Wherefore, alone, Despair no fellow hath;
For unto all he adversary is.
His tongue that barked erst outrage, gainst all powers,
In heaven and hell, and mortal creatures, both,
Hell-hounds, which angry gods against him sent,
With torment, outrent, from his strangling throat;
Where serpent it became, on earth's low ground;
Which sith named Spite, creeps, dropping venimous rheums,
Eachwhere, through the whole world. Long dumb he was:
But, sith, Despair a new tongue gotten hath.
Blind is the fiend, of old time; when he pluckt,
From boiling brain-pan's bloody sockets forth,
His two eyes, with lean, crooked, iron claws.
But the extreme horror of his countenance,
There might no tongue, of earth-born flesh, unfold.
That outcast fiend, a mirror, still upholds;
Wherein, if eye should, even of a god,
Behold; his spirit, though deathless, should taste death!
Dread spirits in darksome gulf, low underground,
None seemed more dire than heart-consuming Care;
Whose squalid days, aye cumbered, like a curse,

All, in disease, misspent. And oft beats Care,
With groans, as wretch undone, his blubbered face ;
And fares like one that mourneth for the dead.
Yet falls no dread, in Care's breast, of the gods.
From shadow, unto shadow, of each place,
Where might he find some pause, flits the rackt fiend :
A stinging swarm of flies, aye, about his ears.
Blear are his eyes, still dropping acrid rheums :
Eyes, whence the dreadful pains of hell look forth !
Full aye of blains, and lapped in filthy clouts,
Saw I his wearish body nigh consumed,
With sighs, and baleful never-ending smart,
As of forsaken heart, and long night-watch.
Still without sleep this murders his own mind :
And cause that twice die mortals is the fiend.
And where, with straitened brows, comes this, unglad ;
All gather blackness, faces of the gods.
In that hell-ground, saw I, descending rife,
House and hearth gods, great unhold rabblement,
In guise of lesser loathly infinite beasts ;
Toads, adders, flitter-mice and crested newts.
Came thronging wild gods, of earth's field and wood,
Punks, spectres, bugs ; earth, well and mountain sprites,
Skrats, woodwives, goblins, of earth's forlorn night ;

In guise of werewolves, fitchews, and strange shapes,
Of chafers, gnats, and gledeworms' garish brood ;
And worms from crossway-graves of murderers.
  Then saw I mightiest fiends, take aweful state ;
Whose lewd dread shapes, there might no tongue unfold.
They sit on ranges, round, of swart-ribbed rocks.
Uprose great Rumour, herald of the gods ;
Who husht that fell assembly, with huge voice,
That seemed the hum of nations, and the noise
Of tumbling streams and winter-storm, in forest.
Then seething hideous silence ! as in grove,
Whose sere leaves ruffled of chill autumn wind.
Yet casts, like woodwale, oft loud yell ! some fiend.
Is Rumour many-headed demon god,
With thousand tongues. Were, like vast burning wheel,
His nether parts, whereon he seemed to move.
  Last, husht that great assize, rose sea-god rude,
That boasts him, before all world's gods ; because
His streams, as serpent, middle-earth enfold.
Three salvage blasts, blew he, on his wreathed horn !
Run-to brown and black elves, whom Luridan leads,
Ground-demons' king, heard deep earth-bellowing sound ;
From seven stages of dark under-world.

Dwarves rise up in the floor, that in fast rocks,
Like maggots, wonne. Come cloudy-reeling train,
Of painted nightmares, dwelling nigh to death ;
That, when, gone down on this dull clot of earth,
Sun's rundle, rise, dark mists ; and do afflict
Men's weary sense, when they should timely rest.
Yet saw I stand, midst shapes of demon gods,
Of wretched wights, which perish on the ground,
Strong stubborn spirits ; that wait on their behests,
With kindling eyes, like eagles and winged beasts.
That sea-god spake, and shook his briny locks ;
And sware by Hell, and by his thousand floods,
That certain arduous, high, exalted spirits,
Exiled from heaven, which sith in haughty steeps,
Of ether, have their frosty mansions,
Flying the empyrean starry eaves beneath,
Of the aye-wheeling, glassy, firmament ;
In jeopardy of high heaven's bright burning javelins,
As stars, shot forth ; heard new song of God's angels ;
Saying, Hear O Heavens! And ye, of the low Earth,
Inhabiters; all, give ear unto My voice!
Salvation of our God, and of His Christ,
To the Isles; And God saith, They shall know My Law.

(In that, seemed flame-forth the dull heavens above ;
And shoot craig-splitting lightnings, to pit's ground !)
Is this great sea-god, a soothsaying Spirit ;
In whom yet shines derne light of heavenly birth :
And girts the god's frounced brows, a guirland swart,
Of salt sea-wrack. He cried among the gods,
And quake deep vaults of all that horrid house,
And on them all long stares. With spumy lips,
At last, he spake ; I saw, from painted womb,
Of yond Phœnician hull, born sacred brood,
Shall quench our bloody altars, and deface
Our fanes ; and all hew down our hallowed groves.
Consult then gods of Gaul and Island Britain,
In Abermaw, with the blue watery gods,
How, all suddenly, they might destroy that vessel,
Whose angel-ward now mounted from the world.
Ordain those gods send messengers unto Satan ;
And chosen three fleetest spirits, they bade them speed.
Those straight, from midst the pit, like arrows, rose !
Then Rumour huge, dissolves this parliament.
Rise all ; on seething wings, like locust swarms,
From Abermaw ; or like are those damned fiends,
Small mingled fowl, that surge in Autumn fields.
And now the mid of night, to mortals, is.

The sound, in the thin lift, is of their wings,
Neath shining stars, like to that dry East wind,
Which soughs at dawn, and shakes the forest leaves.
And sith they light down, at Armoric shore ;
And cast from Venetan dark craggéd coast,
Forth hellish cries ; and full is all the night,
Of whispered crimes. Those messengers, then, to Satan,
To plain already stoop, beyond the Alps.
Lighted on Alban mount, which surviews Rome,
They plumb, like ospreys, through swart wave ; and stood,
In ever-burning belly of that hill,
Beneath ; where keeps the god of this low earth,
Presumptuous spirit, great Lucifer, his high court.
Son-of-the-Morning, he, an equal throne,
Would challenge, with Alfather ; God, in heaven !
But pierced by lightning-arrows of God's wrath,
He all day, (a thousand years, that day,) to earth,
Fell ; and fell league, as stars did rain, of angels,
Damned with him. Satan, great Hell, timbered hath,
For their abode, beneath the center'd Earth.
He, heaven-spurned prince of fallen starry host,
Sits buffeted of huge, high, tumultuous thought,
Touching the world, since High God it accursed ;

Might not Earth's heritage, now, be wholly his?
Unto him those swift air-running messengers,
Arrive. Them Satan hears, with guileful ears:
Commands Abaddon, strong prevailing demon,
Who sits, with spotted wings, at Hell's right hand,
(In shape, a dragon, is that murder-fiend,)
Then fly, with their returning embassage.
Hell's angels tower, from high hill-seat, nigh Rome,
To the wild winds, bove Earth's green-tawny face.
They compass a man's journey, in a moment:
And soon beneath them, as white mere-stones, set,
Were of a garden, see the vast, towered, Alps.
Abaddon stoops then, with more easy flight;
O'er Gaul's wide plain, that seems a forest field.
In his iron wings, destroying tempest rides,
Uproots the groves, and blasts all tender buds.
The ploughman's hope, he smites, of the green corn,
With rattling hail; and in the field, abroad,
His herds and flocks; he smites the widow's thatch;
To the end, might wretched wights, by nature, blind,
Blaspheme the God of Heaven, and stain their souls.
In hour of lark's uprising; when the sun
Looks from her golden lattice, in the East,
Declines Abaddon, to the shore of Gaul.
A little, then, suspends his haughty flight,

To thwart Gaul's seas. Sith o'er loud waves they pass,
To likeness changed, of rushing cormorants.
All sudden surging, from Armoric shore,
That army of fiends, from pit of Abermaw,
Did hurtle with Abaddon in the air.
Then mongst them known, they join anon their powers.
Sith, in dim morning skies, all sit consult.
Half was that daylight spent, when last they rose.
Those eftsoons stoop, which would smite Mnason's vessel.
How spumes dim sea-flood, under demon's flight!
And troubled, lifts up wreathing waterspouts;
Which, on the deep, march, as it were a wood.
And, lo, where, yonder, Mnason's carrack rides,
Midst circling, sheen, sea-face; a calm divine
Diffused about the ship. Infernal reek
Abaddon spewed then, from his hellish gorge,
To hide his devilish arts; wherein descend,
Like to a drizzling rain, now, the damned fiends,
Upon that shipboard of the men of God.

Were slumbering, after meat, those sea-bruised saints,
For weariness; when them seemed already spent
Day's darkening ray: close creeping, in their joints,

Sour rheums and aches ; so crud'ling their dull blood,
Unkindly cold ! From the dim wallowing flood,
Sounds hellish hubbub, in their drowsing ears.
They deadly dream, and have forgotten Christ,
As spouse forgetteth the new spouse, in sleep.
The deep about them roars, with dreadful noise.
Abaddon, with his sceptre, lifting up
Stour billows ; whelms them, mainly, upon their vessel !
Wherein they drench, and seemeth all a sea-grave.
Howbeit no more may Power prevail of Hell,
O'er those few saints ; whose prayers yet offered up,
Before the Throne, as incense ; (and was sealed
Of mighty Albion their carrack vessel ;)
Than all dead world, gainst one man's living force !
Whilst, on these things, I mused, with fear of heart,
For time now is, and that beyond our deaths ;
I looked for some in heaven, which should reveal,
Unto my troubled sense, that cannot rest,
The mystery of Hell, and God's world, seeming waste.
Read Muse, which hearest the Canticles of angels,
Touching great Hell, and the aweful fall of Satan !

Was after this I, poet, leaned and slept :

And stood the Muse before my dreaming sense !
Which, opened brazen coffer ; and took forth,
Scroll, blackened, as it were, for eld and smoke ;
Yet which seemed, in mine eyes, as clear as glass,
When that, unsealed, she gave it to mine hand.
Quaint-charactered, I that Muse's roll spelled forth.
Like as a child, I it conned ; wherein thus writ :

Tremendous his presumption ; warred the Archangel,
Gainst Him Who highest sits, on throne of heaven.
Lo, in infinite night's abysm, without stars,
Gulf, walled with flaming vault of adamant,
Dead world of endless pain, great Hell doth rise ;
Where souls, foredoomed, for their eld-father's guilt,
To fall, have their eternal punishment :
Christ save us, from the torments of that tomb !
There Hell, whose countenance, ere, as morning star,
Was fair ; at length, unbends his cheerless brows,
To look on that vast world of men and spirits,
Which he hath framed ; and proffers blasphemies,
(More horrid drad, than able mortal breath
Were utter, or man's deathling ear might hear !)
Mongst angel-princes fallen from God's Face.
Through all, Hell's aweful voice resounds ; and quake
The flaming pillars of that underworld.

Then Hell, exalted, in dread throne, sate down,
As God ; and lifting his high murder-hand,
Sware mar, and bring to naught, all Heaven's fair works.
To this end, Hell sends, forth, on the Lord's earth,
Concupiscence, to breathe in living flesh ;
And Covetise, to bring all souls to loss :
Two his most strong are they and subtlest spirits.
Dark, without stars, in the infinite Universe,
Dismeasured, void, is place, which yet no place,
But furthest from God's eye. There Satan cast,
Of Hell's great frame, the baseless fundaments hath.
He laid the plot, there, greater than the Earth ;
And strewed with dust and bones of this world's death ;
Wherein who lie, as stumbling-stones and rocks,
Or hang, (as lacking sense,) like drowsy moths,
On walls of burning hell, in a death's dream ;
Were brutish souls, unworthy punishment.
Dim land it is, whose eager fiery floods,
That fall to everlasting sink of brimstone,
Were tears, with mingled murder-blood of wars :
Whose tempests rife, were sighs of ages dead.
Children of stature, purblind, without stay,
There wander, lost, unnumbered multitude.
Thick-flying eagles, which in fiery loft,

With cruel claws, and sharp beaks, rend their flesh,
Were their old sins ; and serpents, where they pass,
Their pithless limbs enfold. And, in await,
Lie mouthing fiends, in shapes of fearful beasts.
Their bodies scourged are of a fiery rain.
And run they shroud them, under cliffs, a moment,
These threaten, lightning-riven, on them fall.
Who fly, their feet, in scalding ooze, stick fast.
Few there are wells, midst smouldering earth and rocks.
Stoops any soul, to drink, for brenning thirst,
It, in his belly, is as molten glass.
Sit who seduced them, grinning visages,
In caves, their bodies buried to the necks,
Chained, under red-hot cliffs, on that dim shore ;
Where daily they are drenched, in fiery tide.
Thence hell's vast frame upriseth, by degrees,
Immane, a world of torment, manifold,
Which hath men's thousand-ages' dead received.
But great hell, with vile earthly thing, compare ;
Like hornet's nest, in some dim holt, it were,
Which hangs apart, where, seldwhile, foot doth pass.
So hangs great clustered hell, in the abyss,
Deep under deep ; whose infinite circuits full
Of wailful nation, peoples that lament

Their endless pains, in serpentine abodes;
Wherein ten thousand kinds of living deaths.
Are, in each circuit, cities of strong torment,
Where demon-gods bear rule, o'er damnéd souls.
Who higher heaped hath crimes, in hell, is set,
Pre-eminent, up to Hell's temple wall,
Whose dædale building is of congealed flame:
Wherein, in aweful state, sits Lucifer,
The Majesty of hell; and him adore,
As God, the nations dead and exiled angels.

When passed a time and times, (each thousand years,)
Since day of God's great doom upon the world,
Satan commanded, and dark Samael,
Demon of death, sounding dread clarions thrice,
Summoned, before him, all Hell's angel host.
Come thousand captains of Hell's horrid house,
With thousand squadrons. They, in Satan's court,
All mustering, sink their statures; like as were
They thousand pestilent swarms of stinging flies.
Unto every Prince, of fallen angel-host,
Satan his ward assigns; high Regiment,
In burning hell's tremendous cloistered womb;
Bound within bound, in wheeling horizons,
Impassable, to more excess of anguish,

With iron aweful noise. Whereto compare,
Base worldly thing, were like those rumbling millstones,
Pale housewives roll ; nor rest, for any weariness,
To grind out, till day's end, their children's bread.
Is each hell-city, whence thick reek ascends,
And stench, full of iron bays, of smouldering death ;
And whose walls compass in, of burning brass,
Rivers of rushing flames ; lest, in their bale,
Souls gather head, to desperate emprise.
None comfortable dew of kindness is,
Soul-steeping slumber, nor, of pain, surcease,
Among the Lost. Who spouses were, in the earth,
Children, familiars, shoot out burning tongues,
In flaming hell, that bitterly upbraid ;
And pierce, with sharp reproach, each other's breasts !
Full is that infinite murk, of impotent threats ;
Chiding and hate sound in each horrid place ;
And this for greater burden of their pain.
Their never-ending sorrow, which aye is
But in beginning, chastens not lost souls ;
Nor purify, of hell, the impious flames.
Of every speech are mingled Earth's passed spirits,
Which of like guilt : and as loathe wavering noise,
At border of some fen, where paddocks creak,
Is their much wailing, everywhere, at once.

For swallowed up, in that excess of anguish,
They, on sweet death, each moment, yell and plain,
Which deemed men end, of mortal miseries ;
But, for lost spirits, is no more death, alas!
Yet is there one, like Hope, who, demon, seen ;
That sits, in hell, on spikes, in an high place ;
But hollow-visaged is, which upward cast,
And his lean hands fold, fearful, on his breast,
His heart to hold, which swells-up, in his throat.
But Very Hope departed from the Earth,
In her last days, spread his wide wings ; and sits,
Like fowl on nest, before heaven's gate, and sleeps.

Moreo'er the Muse's antique scroll rehearsed,
Great Hell's dominion, over trespassed souls.
When great last Dreadful Day was on the earth,
The sun stood still, in heaven ; all overwrit,
With iron brows, and spectacles of pain !
At trumpets' sound, on height, down, lightless, rained
Swift stars, to the abyss ! and Time did cease.
Children of wrath were pent, with sin-stained face,
In Hinnom's vale, (abominable place,
Defiled and waste,) departed from the blest.
In marriage garments these, in the Lamb's blood,
Made white, were standing in God's Holy Place,

Where they Him wait ; and sith ascend with Christ.
Then ceased the Sun, to give her kindly light.
Totters world's frame ; ruins! unbound, beneath
Their feet, that rest, in heaps. Who, in that last,
Last, dreadful breach, as the forgotten of God,
Like to untimely leaves, fell, quick and dead,
As out of a vast sieve, to dark mid-space ;
Lay, as in endless swoon. Legions of fiends,
Labouring like emmets, gathered down to hell,
And made them, there, by devilish arts, revive ;
And quicken to new eagerness of torments.

Though strong the once-outhurled, from heaven, archangel ;
Yet dark, deprived of light, is his great being.
He no more knoweth the counsels of the HIGHEST ;
What, now in womb of time, should be brought forth.
Shall this great shining admirable hell,
Which he hath founded, without God, stand fast?
Shall God new worlds, shall He new heavens create ?
His everlasting ban, shall He release?
Shall Christ, from heaven, descend for all lost flesh ?
When Michael felled great Azazel, with his spear,
(For thus was Satan named, erewhile, mongst Angels,)
In plain of heaven : and from celestial court,

Had cast out bound, with his apostate spirits :
Appointed the Thrice-Holy, unto their chains,
Of darkness, certain time and times. Lo, loost
(Their First Doom, thousand-thousand ages, passed ;)
The bands of Satan ! How his chief estates,
Gathered, to Lucifer, in hell-pit, exult ;
In their dread parliament ! From his temple, Satan,
Warfare, proclaimed, then ; gainst High Throne of
HEAVEN !
With truce of hundred years, to souls in pine.
Went up, immane, great shout of Satan's angels.
Armipotent, Lead forth ! Straightway, like wasps,
Which creep up from their combs, thick-clustered fiends,
From thousand reeling circuits, dreadful, rise.
Hell lays, on hundred chiefest dukes, command ;
To pierce with battery, anon, of devilish engines,
Of burning mighty hell, the adamant cope,
Infrangible. Longwhile, they labour thus :
Till opened were wide breaches. Lo, five wents,
Whence issuing aweful swarms, in fiery tempest,
Like burning motes, that leap from stithy's blast !
Then dimly shine, in vast ætherian loft,
As kindled captive city's misty smoke.
Sith that great host of hell, leads Lucifer,
Where void is most and dark the Universe ;

To Tartarus, whose derne high-heaped, poles were wrapped,
With living flame: immane deceitful star;
The former hell! No breath of life, is there,
Of herb nor flesh: In place called Erebus,
They thither now, from their first flight, arrive.
There souls, in prison, fire endured and frost;
And thence was metal delved, of hell's vast mass.
Tremendous strife it covers, aweful noise,
Of fiery elements. Hath, from Tartarus,
Parted, at any time, of creature's lips,
To the Almercies' God, no prayerful breath!
In hell's dim thousand chambered circuits, is
Silence, since Hell passed forth. There long-pent spirits,
Their anguish ceased, in heavy dream of death,
Lie, still. Yet reek all dreadful brazen pits,
With sulphurous fume. Behold, set open wide,
Now, thousand bridgéd gates of burning brass.
From yet broad smouldering flame, in hell's deep ground,
Chimney of fire, upriseth gusty wind,
And whirling torments of oft fiery breath;
Wherein, (great were their swarms!) like to singed flies,
Are upborne souls: yet other, like scorched worms,

From hellish holds, upcreep. And who first stand,
Now, round hell's rusty jaws, discern far radiance,
Of the lost heavens! Those, eftsoons, breathing, unwont,
Æther, faint: ascended yet, as smoke,
Of hell's immane great burning, hundred years.
Voice then of infinite wailing! gin revive,
And lift up piteous hands, vast sea of souls,
Towards high, bright, isles of yond eternal stars!
Where dwell their brethren, saints, in paradise.
Fathers of peoples, kings in world of old,
Upon whose shoulders, God laid governance,
Stand, mongst their nations' ages, like tall hirds,
Amidst vast flocks. When last those fathers, husht,
Had the infinite sea of hell-pent yammering[1] spirits:
Like some tall palm, a mighty king stood forth;
Yared, mild-hearted, in old world of violence.
Pastor of nations: ere the sinful flood,
He stretched his sceptre, o'er the Eden of God.
But Yared missed of God's eternal rest,
By an háir's-breadth, in his fleshly lusts, cut off;
And sank, with blackened face, to hell, in death,
Whence full his body is seen of leprous sores!
Kings beckoning, that vast sinworn multitude,

[1] A. Sax. *geomerian*, to lament and wail.

High silence keep. All hearken Yared's voice,
Who prophesies saying, That great Deceiver perished,
Dread Lord of hell; he shall return no more.
Gazed Yared, groaning, on God's stars, and prayed;
O THOU, that pleased somewhile wast to be called
Our Fathers' FATHER, look Alfather, sire,
On this great Death, which we, in hell, endure!
May not, for ever, we behold Thy Face?
And lightened, lo, his visage, whilst he spake;
Is come, again, his flesh, in all men's sight!
Repent we! he cries. Then all those lips impure,
Frame them, unwont, with small and chirking voice,
Each one, as leper's voice, in vast accord,
To sigh forth word of prayer, Thrice-Holy, Almighty
Alwise Lord, mercy! Hell-pent multitude, heard
MERCY, Chief of the spirits of God's breath,
From utmost hell's confines; and poised to God!
Is this Heaven's messenger, of most mighty wing,
Which far outstretched, as East is from the West,
Flies through the illimitable Universe.

That griesly host of hell, had marshalled Satan,
In Tartarus ; to vast shuddering vaporous plain,
And valley of stony horror, Phlegethon.
Whose hollow soil, cliffs hem of reeking brimstone ;
Cumbered with ruin of subverted mounts,
Which daily upblown, as bladders, bellowing, rise,
With molten iron spouts, in fiery fen ;
To ruin, in the same, with aweful noise.
Midst that dim star-floor, a murk sea-deep lies,
Of fleeting metal, like as burning brass,
Whose billows ride, in storm, on glowing rocks,
And toss out flaming spume, to sunless loft ;
Which full of lamps of fire, and thrilling levin.
Behold, like vultures, Satan crouched around,
On craigs, where mingled fire and lofty frost,
Captains and princes, at vast valley mouth.
There lifted up their spotted wings, at once,
Above the immense din, they blaspheme Heaven.
And Satan, thrice, dread Lord of Hosts, acclaim!
Satan sees thence his battles proudly pass.
Impatient, he surviews their quadrate ranks :
Espies some backwardness, then, mongst certain spirits.
Less perverse, they ; which read, in their dark breasts,
Scale the steep firmament, were vain emprise,
Should draw, on them, new weight of punishment!

Whilst they, with drooping spears, and trembling crests,
Thus, mongst them question ; and those on that wing,
Make cold their fellows' hearts, with fury, Satan,
(Works hidden awe, within him !) he who erst,
Rebelled in heaven ; to Chemuel, hath commanded,
(Dread prince, oppressor, this,) yond spirits seditious,
Bring, bounden in, before him. Hell, their plea,
Disdains, that would, frustrate his high designs.
With his spear-heel, that iron ground, Satan strake ;
Which yawns, amidst, with craggéd chaps, to pit
Of swimming brass ; where river, Riggon, runs,
Of flame. Therein those trembling spirits, he cast ;
And whelmed, on them, huge hill of iron and brass :
That might hell-without-end, those not scape forth.
Called then his chiefest captains, Macathiel,
Gadrael, dark seraph Samael, (which seduced
First earthling man,) and strong, foul Ruchael,
(Angel of lust and covetise, who taught erst,
To Eve's sons, arms :) he Azazel, (the outhurled,
From heaven,) to fleet-winged Hadarniel to guide,
(Is this who governs Hell's lost sphere,) ordains,
By darksome paths of æther's infinite steep.
From isle to isle, which, midst the trembling signs,
As stars, are seen, should be their upward flight.

On stormy wings, Hell uprose, like a whirl-
wind,
With railing vaunt! Rise all, then, in a moment,
Leading their dukes, up, from that reeling plain,
Innumerable. They wheel beneath this star;
Where sheltered from the ken of wandering angels,
They, in empty silence, hear Hell's last behests.
Great is their voyage, whose end that supreme
strife!
To the first precinct of the court of heaven.
Created thought, which, in an eyeblink, spans
So wide world and sea's face, might hardly pass.

Long space, as hundred winters, now be passed,
Since parted Satan. Falls, in hell's derne gulf;
As sent down from on high, an healing wind,
Restores those sin-worn souls. They taste of rest;
And gin their timeless sorrows to assuage.
As sheaf of sunbeams looks through winter mist,
A living light appeared o'er the abyss.
Voice heard, on height, was, of some blesséd ones,
Saying; Holy, Holy, Holy, and keeping
mercy,
Lord God Almighty! Angels, lo, of Light,
Descend, on shining wings, in starry ranks.

Hail glorious advent! hail, whom God sends down,
Bright heavenly host. Gaze-on, men's ages lost;
And sinful nations fall upon their faces!
To those strong saving angels, their right hands,
They lift confused; and cover their left hands,
Their sinworn, ah! rebellious visages.
Like silver trumpet's voice, Uriel, archangel,
Which echoes through illimitable hell!
Spake; Unto you, in darkness, souls, outcast,
Lost deathling seed of earthborn Adam's flesh;
Peace, Mercy! And came your crying to Mine ear,
Saith the Thrice-Holy, Almighty, Alfather, Sire;
And yearned My bowels, like as a mother's womb,
In that she tiding hears of her lost son.
Lo, I, the Lord, which your first-father formed,
Your trespass, which ye trespassed, in the earth,
Blot out. Now is Mine anger overpassed.
Then cried the Seraph, Come up from this pit,

Ye that were slain, rise from the second
Death!
He spake; and souls receiving heavenly strength,
As cloud of winged ones, all were lifted up;
And hell is no more found beneath their feet!
But even as all things, to their centre, poise;
So angels them sustaining, they towards heaven.
Encompassed of light-bearing angels' host,
Those long, (as they that sleep,) mongst stars, mount
forth:
Till they, to plains arrive, of lowest bliss;
Above the spheres, made like the firmament.
At a flood side, which clear, as crystal glass,
Where now they come; the Seraph bids them rest;
Whose angels lead them, mongst celestial flowers;
And pasture, with ambrosial dew, three days:
Yet one day seemeth, for is there no more night.
And lo, in sheep-pool, stands, mongst lilies white,
A mighty HIRD; One like the SON OF GOD:
Who, each one, washeth in that living well;
And gathers each one, on His bosom great,
And on His shoulders lays; on every one,
To set, that are they His, His Shepherd's token;
(Which ruddle seemed: but His own blood it was!)
Nor any there, the least one, shall go lost.

Then bring them angels marriage-garments white ;
That flock up, from that blissful watering,
Like new-born babes ; and goeth before them Christ.
Hail, Herdsman great! And come forth, with loud hymns,
Bright choir, to meet with them, of holy ones,
Their brethren, which, in all the way, them wait ;
With never-fading guirlands, in their hands :
Wherewith they crown that long-lost multitude !
Ah, day of gladness, that exceeds all speech,
Of earthborn souls ! wherein decreed high God,
That sin should cease, and should be no more curse :
And taketh now, utterly, away the blot,
The Lord, of death and night, from all His work.
Yet formed God a new heavens and a new earth :
And for those lost, were found, on whom now named
Is name of Christ, a blissful dwelling place ;
A little lower than the Paradise.

Touching that perverse host of flying Spirits ;
Sore travailling now their wings, (unwearied erst,)
The Power of Darkness mounts, from loft to loft.
And they, like to a burning mist, eclipse,
Each star, whereas they pass. Of Lucifer,
Their flaming tongues chant praises, as they fly.

Now, in that infinite ætherian region,
It pleased Alpower, the Increate God, whose Throne
High heavens, to set a VORTEX terrible;
Wherein that flying host, which follows Satan,
Now fallen, unwares! With gnat-like hideous strife,
Of flickering wings, they beat that divine tempest,
Which carries from each hope, resistless, reaves,
With aye increasing fury. All, long, therein,
They stagger, vainly; and strives great Lucifer,
Mongst his strong captains, (which archangels were,)
In aid of his. He his august wings last folds,
Large as the marches of some earthly nation,
And casts his lot in, with them, desperate!
Tossed then, encompassed of huge fiery whirlwinds,
Tumultuously, they drive, at end, in view
Of citadel celestial; whose clear shore
Shines, like steep heavens' glassy firmament,
With towers and pinnacles and high walls, whereon,
Stand Cherubim, Ophanim, and bright Seraphim;
Next whom, Dominions, Vertues, Thrones, and Powers;
With glorious ranks of infinite heavenly ones,
Clothed in immortal armour of bright light.
With them enranged, and girt with rainbow light,

Are the redeemed great army of the whole earth.
Who, shining ones, stand in vast temple porch,
Are the world's saints, which witnessed unto death.
And therein sit twelve kings, crowned, with the Lamb
Whom, like the Sun, eye may behold, uneath.
And lo, that once, from heaven, hurled league o
Satan!
With their derne wings, would cover, as they drive,
From Heaven's pure eyes, their dusk rebellious faces.
Last comes, clothed with murk cloud, great Lucifer.
And yet a little running moment ere,
Hurl their swart battles, on high heavenly towers!
Whence dasht; they fall, as stubble, all in one.
And their immortal substance lay to-rent.
Mongst all God's creatures, was not any found,
An Intercessor! Silence, then, long space!
Last the Thrice-Holy Godhead, Which restore
Would all His works, commanded; and anew,
There rose, them reaves, immane returning whirl
wind:
Whence, to one place, assembled, Hell's bruised hosts
Them winnows heavenly flame and purged their being
Of malice; that they clear are, healed their hurts,
As lamps of light. They bow their knees, great army
Before the throne. And shall they fall, no more.

And made them God a lower course of angels :
But formed He, of the vast body of Lucifer,
A legion. And the Lord sent, keep, far off,
Inchoate worlds, where yet no vital breath.

Astonished I, from so dread visions, waked :
And murmur of the saints, was in mine ears,
Midst cries of fiends, which in the drowning vessel !
Abaddon calls, gods of Gaul's waterfloods ;
And they obedient to his high behest,
From hollows of their hands, poured round the ship,
Their cataracts ; that seem drown the very deep.
Surge sea-fiends, at his sign ; which wonne beneath
Huge waters' weight. Squalid, with slimy wrack,
And stinking ooze, they rise, towards heaven's light.
When heavenly spirits decayed, from first estate ;
In whom yet rests celestial light and breath,
This turned, in them, to rankling impious heat.
And as, in flesh, falls fell concupiscence,
Those powers of darkness, would new world beget ;
Which might, in this low earth, frustrate God's work.
Then some with the innocent rocks, with woods, with floods,
Lay ; certain companied with the creeky shores :
Insomuch, that eachwhere, of hellish seed,

Sprang demon brood, whose chief ones called men
gods,
Gods of this wretched world, forlorn and blind.
Monsters, the seas conceived, in their salt laps.
Gulfs brought them forth, with roarings ; and out cast
On the shole strands. Were even their sires ashamed
Angels of darkness, so were dread their shapes :
Heaven-fallen gods abhorred their countenance.
Whence, taking counsel, some, in deep sea-ground,
To skerry rocks, they chained : that to the sun,
All-seeing, beneath this bended firmament,
Is their misfeature, as the Night, uncouth.
With these there coupled, sithence, strange sea-beasts,
And other, many, brought forth cruel kinds ;
Which stain, with lukewarm blood of scaly flocks,
The silver waves. Of whom some lie, in wait,
For prey of souls of hapless mariners ;
That cast, as rocks, their shapes in a keel's course ;
Or rise, dim mist, or run strong-ebbing currents.
So have they drenched ten thousand gallant ships.
With brunt, some fiends, of huge sea-shouldering
whales,
From billows roaring, rush on the bruised vessel !
Totters her hollow bilge of beams and boards.
Some, mast-great serpents, thresh the boiling deep.

Other, with storm of wings, stoop, airborne spirits,
Sea-crows ; and with fell shrieks, the board possess,
And all defile, with ordure horrible.
Were these of kind, that wait for souls impure,
Them to depart from grace. And who is there,
Of sinful flesh, those demons, waking, sees,
Farewell his hope, his dread shall come to pass.
Yet, on that board, descend new baneful brood :
Are they night-dreams, vain spirits of illusion.
Like masque, before the slumbering eyes, they pass,
Of those sad passengers. Most, they grieve the sense
Of the Phœnicians, Ithobal and Phelles.
In guise of wailful sea-mews, with men's faces ;
They seemed bear in, on bier, their late dead pilot,
Whose buried festered flesh falls from the bones ;
Whom, follow on, a sea-drenched fellowship,
Like men their shipferes were ; with dropping hairs,
And rotten looks, as risen from a sea-grave.
And gurgling much salt humour, murmurs one,
Foundered their longboat, nigh Isle Iranim :
Few, hardly, saved were grappled to sharp rocks ;
But them great poise, of waves, bruised soon to death.

Evil them waits, (they cry out, with one voice,)
In Underworld ; which fathers' gods forsake.
Can YAHWAH, battle-sun-god of false Jews,
Deliver them from torments of this Tomb?
The saints now lie twixt deadly wake and dream.
If rockt, on troubled sleep, their sense, a moment,
Then thousand strange misshapes, forms without substance,
Such as man's dry afflicted brain can fashion,
To mock himself withall, with empty pain,
Afflict their being. Thus far Victory hath
Hell, o'er their feeble flesh, which in the ship!
Bethought him then the homicide Abaddon,
(To come to speedy fine of this emprise,)
Of the hydra of the cold Emingian seas,
God of the skin-breeched witches of North parts ;
Tremendous monster, like huge serpent, rolled
Her nether parts, about sea-mountain's root.
So lies she, a hidden pitfall, in sea waves.
Is this great Ran, most horrid offspring dread,
(Corse-greedy Eagor's spouse, Ran also is!)
Of sea-gods' monstrous seed. Are hundred horns,
Mast-great, set round about her hellish face.
But for she grown, in view of other fiends,
So heinous was, they Ran, the whiles she slumbered,

Bound unto mighty millstone's mountain mass,
That Taran, from swart thunder-cloud, outrolled ;
And fell in that sea-deep, of rime and frost,
Far from men civil, and the altared world.
Ran daily her hundred snaky arms outlayeth,
Greater than oaks, about her, furlong forth ;
In cold salt tide. And all are full of mouths,
Each able suck the blood of a whale-fish ;
And though such thresh to dust, the billows wild,
With fearful bellowings, to some remote coast
And sullen shore. Her cast bewray Abaddon,
After the sun ; when drowsy, wanting light,
To her devilish cruelty, sinks the hydra fiend.
Might of all fiends, should hale her by the horns ;
Or else, they drive, under her baleful hold,
The Tarshish ship. But lo, an holy Angel !
From heaven's steep, descending in the West ;
Whose charge is ; draw-down dying day to rest.
Under wide-setting rundle of the sun,
Discerned God's Messenger, now o'er Ocean's stream ;
Cloud, as some sea-fowl gathered to dead thing.
He saw, in mist of demons' shapes, Abaddon,
Shadowing the main. Then the Lord's angel sounded,
Above the twilight, to the Seven Watchers,
In the empyrium and clear wandering stars.

Stoop, from their see, in heavenly radiance,
Above the blot of night, those blesséd ones :
And bearing lamps, as stars, through the dim sphere,
They, swiftly, the dark sea-plain, overfly ;
To succour souls. Run-on their wingéd feet,
O'er waves' unrest, vast watery wilderness.
Their lamps of inextinguishable light,
Pierce the main sea's dull flood, to her deep ground.
Now shine those glorious beams, about the ship,
Quickening the saints, that swoon in dying sleep.
They dream then, deep-sweet blissful things o
Christ.
They, in vision, see that Galilean Lake,
Whose pebble-shore, with laurel guirland, crowned.
Again their dear Lord stands, on those clear brinks ;
Who teacheth them to pray. They pray in sleep.
Like unto scudding stone, that crops the waves,
Is driven the sore bruised Cyprus ship, of fiends.
Camped gainst that demons' cloud, uphold the carrack
The heavenly Watchers. Mighty Albion stands,
Where lightning-winged exalted Seraphim,
Before the seven spirits of the Most Highest,
Singing God's praises, answer one another !
The prayer, yet in the hearts of those few saints,
Is heard in heaven. Albion, as sunny ray,

Down-glanceth, sudden, from the glooming skies,
To sea of Earth. That mighty angel strains
Torments and heaven's lightnings, in his hands;
And snares upon those demon-swarms, he rains:
As when he fought, ere worlds, in plains of heaven,
A prince in the Lord's host, gainst Satan's angels!
Wherefore, (whom he then overthrew,) Abaddon,
On whom new-fallen hell-pangs, not more enduring,
To look on Angel-Albion's lightning face,
Flagging cloud-wide, his baleful wings, wherewith
He tempest raised had round the Syrian ship;
Hastes forth, where deepest night, himself to hide.
  Who with him demons, then, were scattered, part
As fowl. Is fiery wake seen, in night loft,
Of their dread rushing wings. Part, fishy fiends,
From heavens' lightnings, fighting with sea-billows,
As fry from stone-cast, in some fenny pool,
Flee, through dark watery paths. Nor of these aught;
Remains, save waves subverted, in huge heaps.
  Then Albion called a spirit of South wind,
Who gathered thick clouds, poured out rain, all night;
Wherethrough, was purged the vessel's board, and laid
The waves. He called, then, for a clear North wind,

Which the infect timber drieth; sith, on them,
brings
He, all day, as a sweet breath of Libanus.
But, on the eyelids of the saints, he laid
Long healing sleep. Forth, on their course, those
fleet;
New calm diffused, divine, about the ship.

BOOK VIII

Fabula visa diu, medioque recondita ponto.
Roman epigramma.

ARGUMENT

Gaul s coast. Mnason's carrack fleeting in Liger's mouth. They come to a dune; and there see Roman soldiers. Priscus, Roman governor, with much kindness, receives the ship-wrecked Syrians. Priscus' tale. Tiding brought of the loss of a great Roman ship, with soldiers. Among the Roman dead, is found the body of Lepidus; who is son to Priscus. The journey and sudden death of the good quæstor. Pistos, Galatian. Tumult among the superstitious Gauls. The saints are compelled to sea, again, in their broken vessel. Isle Sena. Being driven thence, to Vectis; they are carried over to Britain. They fleet, other days, Westward forth: then they are cast beyond the land, and driven over to Erinn. Albion shapes again their course in, to the main of Britain.

Fair morrow in Britain. The carrack strands in a river-mouth. Certain brethren see a vision of John. Dylan, Dumnonian herdsman, first receives the strangers on soil o Britain. Amathon, his lord, sends for them, to be his guests. Another day, they journey, thence, unto king Duneda, in Caer Isca.

BOOK VIII

Christ sails, with them, upon the Celtic deep.
The saints uprise, from sleep, as Lazarus ;
Revived their flesh, with new peace in their hearts ;
And wish for land. Next morrow after, was ;
When the mist lifting, looms Italic vessel,
Nigh, labouring in great billows ; and from whose
Split mast, her tackling burst, rent mainsail blows !
Buffet immane wind-driven waves ; and smite,
Over the ship. Ah, dimly, her castles, view,
The brethren, full of rangéd legionaries !
Romans, that stretch, to their victorious ensigns,
As gods ! right hands. Whelms immane chacing billow,
Huge on the poop ; and breaks their banks of oars :
Ah ! covers all those marshalled legionaries,
Waves rush together, o'er the drowning vessel !
They go down quick, to violent gates of death ;
And hell, doth now, those gentile souls enclose,

For whom Christ died! The saints, in Mnason's carrack,
Which rides in calm, long pray and taste no bread.

Climbed, by the shrouds, sees Phelles, when late eve ;
Low coast and breaking waves, on craigs, beneath.
All watch, till shine, on loft, the stars of God.
Then sets them, landward-in, slow sliding tide.
New day, wide-springing, now ; behold, they fleet,
Embayed, their ship swims in large river-mouth !
Which seeing, record their hearts of Egypt's flood.
Them bears in, Liger's[1] salt in-flowing tide.
By dunes, eftsoon ; by meadows, hanging woods :
They upland drive. At length, on river-hill,
Lo, halm-thatched cabans, blackened of the rain.
Is this some Gaulish town, whose uncouth keels
Ride, yonder, under holt ; whose hawsers chains,
Their leathern sails hang flagging in the wind.
From that dune shore, lo, manned-forth barks, with rowers,
Girt in frieze coats. Those lay their boats aboard :
And mounting now, tall yellow-bearded Gauls,
The stranger ship ; bid, proffering hard right hands,
To guests and sea-folk, welcome, in dumb show.

[1] The R. Loire.

Other made towlines fast, of wreathed whale's-hide,
To blue-eyed stem of bruised Phœnician vessel,
Toll-on, by force of oars, now, to their staithe.
Is this their hythe, where tawny nets outspread ;
And smells of fish. A thronging people wait
Them, on the quay ; where gang-board thrust to ship,
Many stout arms. Step, holpen of kind hands,
Forth, sea-beat saints ; and say, The Peace of God,
And of His Christ, be on this heathen strand !
Then they, astonished, one on other, looked ;
Saying, Even here is Rome! for Roman soldiers,
They see ; and sentinels, leaning on their spears.
He, who their officer is, with friendly countenance,
The saints salutes : *Salvete !* in tongue, he saith,
Of gentile Rome. Totter their feeble knees,
When he the brethren, thronging on them Gauls,
By cobbled street, to the *prætorium*, leads :
There Roman gate and house of guard, they pass.
He brings them in, to high-built hall of audience.
There Priscus, on his bed, sits, Roman *quæstor* ;
Who goodly greets those shipwrecked, them perceiving
To be some strangers of a Roman Province.
He marks, in Syrian wise, them to be clad.
They see, is sick, this Roman magistrate :

Who speaks now word, remembered from his youth ;
What time he warred, under great Cneius Sextus,
(Reigning Tiberius,) *Shalom*, peace ! His steward,
Good Priscus charged prepare them bath ; and give
The strangers change of raiment ; and make ready,
That might those shipwrecked, also, dine, anon.
Livia, his wife, sends for the shipwrecked women.
And named this town is Corbelo, the saints hear.
Called, after supper, in, the saints ; the quæstor
Gins commune, with them, of their perilous voyage ;
First, asking, in Greeks' speech, of their estate.
Interprets Alexander : And likes Priscus,
Well, of their words ; as who wont daily read,
In Greeks' philosophy ; and namely of One God,
Who Father of all breath, both men and gods.
Sith, to his officers, sitting him around,
Good Priscus gan relate ; how, child, sometime,
He dwelled in Petra, city of Nabatæans ;
Convallis deep, cleft in those mountains waste :
In whose cliffs, have men hewed them, of great cost,
Like Tuscans, stately mansions of the dead ;
(Even as the martins delve their sandy nests !)
Howbeit of builded clay and rubble stone,
Save their god's temple is the merchant town.
Centurion, fared, with that Egyptian army,

His father to the war, which, (Aelius duke,)
Augustus sent, to reave the far-famed wealth,
Of lean Arabia, which vast wilderness is,
Of thorns and tamarisks ; where, in the baked earth,
And sand, few waterpits are ; and tawny wights,
That in poor hair-cloth booths, sun-blackened, lodge,
And satyrs seem ; and, every day, they fast,
And, every day, with their few beasts, remove.
Led by false guides, six months, through desolate wastes,
Marched Aelius' army ; where none water was :
And seemed that soil, for heat, the sun-god's hearth !
The wasted cohorts hardly nighed, at length,
To certain hills ; where incense they, and gold,
And water, found : whose barbarous people armed,
With lances, slings, short swords, and two-edged bills,
Great multitude, but inexpert, in arms,
Assembled, fought, at a brook side, with Aelius.
Of whom then, battle joined, Romans slew thousands !
Of our part, fell two soldiers. There were taken,
With prey of cattle, many enemies, captives ;
Of whom, being some compelled to be their guides,
That highway of Sabæan merchandise,
Which Nabatæans, in any wise, would hide,
Revealed to Romans ; who ascending thence,

Therein now marched, weak remnant of proud legions,
Wasted by misery and thirst, to a third part!
Those took some open towns, by the way-side:
Sith, the two Hejras; where, midst palms, they passed,
By many wells. But, angry, o'erthrew Romans,
To wreak them of the king of Nabatæans,
For his false guides, his merchant-city there;
Crowned with sharp cliffs; such as, at Petra, are,
And chambered, with like stately sepulchres.
Hid-treasure they, in that deep sand, of gold,
And frankincense also, found; her citizens, thence,
They carried away, captive. Westward forth,
Marched Romans, o'er waste mountains' craggéd coast;
Whose stones are sounding iron, to Hejra-port;
Where they inshipped, for Egypt: but being sent
To Hierosolyma, sith, his father's cohort;
Was captain, there, his father, in the tower,
Antonia; and namely of the temple-guard:
Which temple, for Jews' nation, lately, Herod
Had edified, (he who Magnus sith surnamed;)
Unto whom Augustus gave the diadem.
One day, to fetch, from Petra, home, his house,
With certain Idumeans and merchant Jews,
Of sheep and corn; he rode, unwarlike train,

Of camels and of mules, to the Peræa.
With weary march, they compassed the salt plain,
From whose deep coast, where they ascended forth ;
Fell men out, on them, of waste wilderness,
Baked in the sun, where grows nor corn nor grass.
Some pierced were, by the salvage people's shafts :
The rest fled scattered, left their beasts to loss.
Only his father, (Roman !) would not flee ;
But done-on helm, drawn glaive, his shield embraced,
The first wild men he slew, which them advanced.
Then, running, many drew him, from his horse ;
And smote, with claves, to ground, and stripped of weed.
Sore bruised and wounded ; they him left, for dead :
Yet some him laid, under a thornbush shade ;
Being so commanded of their desert god,
Mankindness show, to every dying wight.
Those left a water-bottle, at his head !
A merchant Jew, of Hebron, chanced that way,
With loaded camel-train, to fare, at morrow.
But his hired servants, carrion eagles, white,
Marked yonder tire, as on unburied corse ;
Gan, (Jews,) to drive, from that defilement, forth,
Their laded beasts ; and would have shunned the place,
And fearing robbers, in that valley of rocks.

Howbeit the chapman, Jew of mean estate,
But pious, of right bountiful good heart,
Fearing his God, aye hoping to see good,
Drew nigh to weet, if, there, did any live ;
Whom, peradventure, he, (were righteous deed,)
Might save. Much languishing, he my father found :
And spake that Jew, What man be'st thou? that liest
Thus, wounded, in thy life-blood, here, alas!
He to his camels ran then ; and him brought,
To drink of water, mixt with wine ; and washed
My father's wounds : sith, with new tunic, clothed ;
So, gently, him rearing, set on his own ass ;
And tracing him beside, to Rabba, brought.
Oft, had he heard his father tell this story :
And to requite that goodness of the Jew,
Would he the rather, kindly, deal with these,
That be of the Jews' nation, shipwrecked guests.
With pleasant taling, thus, the evening hours,
That Roman drives. So, with new word of Peace,
Priscus, went forth, them bidding well to rest.
But envious spirits, which sleep not, from that place,
Drive night's sweet rest. Men cry out, in their dreams :

Hounds howl; and three times, ran to arms, the watch.
Priscus lay, all this night, appalled by visions,
Of Roman cohort, drenching in salt billows.
Now when new day is risen, upon the earth,
The quæstor, called those children of the East,
And questions with them; Could they dreams interpret?
Who answer; They but soothfastness, might speak.
Weary, then, Priscus calls, for cup of wine.
But when now somewhat soared, the morning sun;
In Corbelo street, approaching to these gates,
Hark concourse, and much voice. An officer, soon,
Brings in this hall some Gaulish horseman soldier;
Who, roll of an epistle, takes to Priscus.
With trembling hand, good Priscus it received:
The seal upbreaks, and reads; Sempronius,
Sends greeting, warden of this Roman shore.
And be it known, to thee, most excellent Priscus,
According to what certain word we heard;
From mouth of Sequana, lately sailed great vessel,

Called the Bucefalus; which was ship of
charge,
With victual, and the year's relief of
soldiers.
Dread is; they, in ere-yester's tempest,
perished.
Timbers and tables drifted up, all night,
Under my station. Then, at dawning light,
Were weltering carcases seen of legion-
aries,
In billows heaving: which be drawn to
shore,
At my commandment. And I gather wood,
To make drowned soldiers seemly funerals.
Even as I write, is found the body of
Faustus,
Captain of soldiers, of the second cohort.
Given at this Roman tower, Pictonia.
Avert the immortal gods, from us, all evil!
Know, after I had sealed the former scroll,
I sent out barks. Then many, upon sharp
skerries,
Left by the ebbing tide, were corses found.
These drawn to shore, bade I then lay, on
rows;

Mongst whom, as many doubt, forbid it gods!
A young man lies, like thy son Lepidus,
Who sailed, in that great vessel, the same tide.
Lo, I thee send his ring, for a sure token.
Strengthen thee, in this sorrow, I pray the gods!
So Priscus trembles, with an ashen face,
That seemed all radical moisture him forsake;
And burst a great sob forth, from his sick chest.
Then Roman sufferance, lo, in his fixt looks!
He puts on humour of philosophy.
Priscus commands anon; that were made ready,
An *expedition*, which should, with him, march.
Tread armed bands, eftsoons, forth, of legionaries;
That, in the paved court, ground their rattling spears.
Livia, to whom hath Priscus sent that ring;
Behold, much weeping, after them, comes in,
The quæstor's spouse; whom, veiled, sustain her women.
She, Lepidus! sobs; our loved son, Lepidus!
Shall, thy dead limbs, thy mother's hands compose,
Upon thy timeless bier; ah, cruel gods!

She enters, in her litter ; and now march
Those Roman soldiers, forth, with drooping spears.
Parts, in another, Priscus, leaving word,
With his freedman, well entertain those strangers.
When, sith, to midday, draws, the saints outwend,
To pray ; and seeking pure aparted place,
They hold their way down to the river's brinks.
All kneeling now, at Liger's tiding shore,
Make mention of good Priscus, in their prayer.

Behold then, gather fishers, to them, there ;
Which mend their nets, in the sun, children and wives :
That view, with wondering eyes these strangers' guise ;
Lean-visaged men, as any agate, red ;
Long wounden linen cloths, on their pilled heads !
Those shipwrecked women, wimpled, hollow-eyed !
Gauls' wives feel, thronging on them, their strange weed.
Is Corbelo, in main Gaul, Armoric haven,
And now a Roman shore. Yearned the saints' hearts,
Then in their breasts : to save, their lips ask Christ,
Save, these dead children, of yond heathen graves !
Fervent, meek-voiced, hark, lifting his two hands,
In tongue which Jesus spake, then Joseph prays ;
Saying, Heavenly Father! rue, Lord, for
Christ's sake,

On this poor gentile folk, which dwell far-off,
In darkness; that us, (saved, from Thy great Deep,)
Have now received, with kindness, to their shore.
They marked, then, certain man, with thronging Gauls,
Stand, like some soldier of a Roman Province;
Who seems interpret words of Joseph's mouth.
This makes now known himself, unto the saints,
(He freedman also is of worthy Priscus;)
Pistos, Galatian. Sometime, in his youth,
He, in Pamphylia, learned the Syrians' speech:
But are his nation of like tongue with Gauls;
Nephews of them which followed Second Brennus;
And passed o'er Hellespont, with stout Britomart.
Just man is Pistos; and, oftwhiles, in woods,
If haply, he might find healing of some god,
He kneels; and spreads, towards heaven, his groping palms!
In honour Pistos is, mongst Gauls and Romans;
As who hath, not few, Roman citizens saved,
By valour of his only arm, in wars.
When they return, now, to the Roman *castrum*;
Throngs follow, with the saints, of blue-eyed Gauls.

But clamour, after meat, is heard without.
Much gathered folk make hubbub, at these gates.
Mongst whom, some in white saies ; whom Gauls call druids,
Priests of their immane gods ! and young men, armed ;
Which threaten, with fierce spears, the ward of soldiers.
Is this their market-day ; when to the dune,
Come in, from upland, men with arms and targe.
Yell furious Gauls, mongst whom, are frantic women ;
Yield them, those strangers, come from Bourne-of-Night !
To sacrifice unto Ana, mighty goddess.
(Is this, Great-mother named, of all Gauls' gods.)
Blew Roman clarion forth, then, a stern note !
The garrison, run, in harness, man the walls.
Lucius, centurion, reads, from their tower-gate,
Late edict of the Roman emperor ;
Forbidding Gauls, in Roman town, bear arms :
Prohibiting stain altars of the gods,
With human gore, in all the world of Rome !
Spake Lucius, standing forth, in Latin tongue,
Some sea-god saved those shipwrecked guests, to land ;
Men that are strangers of a Roman Province ;
Which province, to the emperor's self, pertains.

To clamour thus, before a guard of soldiers,
Were perilous. He to many, among the Gauls,
Calling by name, then warns them, to turn home.
Those him again saluting, gin persuade
The rest disperse. Hark, when this day far-spent,
Thick sounding hooves, in the now silent street!
An horseman soldier lights, at *castrum* port:
He entered, an epistle takes to Lucius;
Who brake the seal, and reads, with heavy cheer:
Sempronius, to the trusty captain Lucius,
Wisheth much health. Arrived the quæstor Priscus,
This afternoon, with soldiers, to our shore.
Yet naught would rest, what though he weary were;
But bade men follow, with him, to sea-strand.
When, there, he saw the body of young Lepidus,
His son, already laid upon a pyre,
Brake from him, moaning cry; and in his litter,
He turned his face. But Livia abandoned her,
Beating her breast, with shrieks, upon the bier.

Then I, returning to his litter, found
The quæstor dead; wherein, he stirred no more.
This write I, hastily; and that the public weal,
Might take none hurt; and, in this hope, farewell.
I make to-night, for Priscus, funerals.
Recounts that soldier, how the Roman dead,
He, on the chesil banks, beheld, row-laid.
Himself, he saw, young Lepidus' cold corse;
That comely lapped, when he was taken up,
Wild tangles of the sea, from head to feet,
Like fair *prætexta*. In shole tide he lay;
Where lifting, every billow, his bright locks,
Seemed kiss his cheeks. Men say, did Nereids rise,
Beating their bosoms, from the guilty waves,
On him to gaze; and that the sea-maids sought,
Clipping, in their white arms, his clay-cold corse,
How him to chaufe, with their delicious breasts.
Closed his quencht eyes, they plaited his bright locks.
Bearing him, in their horny hands, to land,
Out of the brown-pitcht bark, rude fishers wept.
Lucius, centurion, deemed then, march this night,
By the moon's lamp; bearing forth urn and bays,

To bring back Priscus' ashes: yet he fears,
Alway, some new stir of inconstant Gauls.
Even now, men wait speech of him, at the gates.
He went forth to them; and they tell, is tumult,
Again, in Corbelo street. And that, for cause
Of those swart strangers, come from Bourne-of-Night;
Lest they bring pestilence, blast the growing fields,
And fray their fish: Wherefore, they cry, yield Romans
Those uncouth ones; or, else, durst angry Gauls,
At new day-red, assail this Roman *castrum*!
Lucius mislikes the men's both words and looks;
Who hath, with him, for long defence, few soldiers.
Lifting his hands, then, to immortal stars;
Before the Gauls, gan Lucius, by his gods,
Protest, and Fortune of imperial Rome;
Those strangers, whom they fear, should part, this night,
Out of their coasts; so should that peril pass.
Return, quoth now that captain; and shut fast
Their doors, and kindle great fires, on all hearths,
And beet all night; and come, at morrow's break,
Again; when he, in reverence of the dead,
Must offer a swart ewe. With him, all, then,

To Tower Pictonia, a great mourning train,
Descend ; to follow Priscus' exequies.
So they, appeased, by Lucius' words, went home.
Now the dim night ; and only sounds strange chant,
Of Gauls' mad druids. But when is changed the watch,
Lucius commands, waken those shipwrecked strangers ;
And bid them ready make, anon, to part !
Then called those Lucius in, before him, spake ;
How foolish Gauls had damned them, to their gods ;
And would, in tumult, put to bloody death !
And, o'er all this, do thicken on him troubles,
Since Priscus' death. That God, in so great tempest,
Which ere them saved ; should still preserve them forth.
Now when the saints ; that, sudden, roused from sleep,
And kindly rest, tremble in the night's cold,
Hear, they must, newly, forth, to sea, this night ;
They feel, as cold glaive, through their trembling loins,
Smote ! Yet they meekly do submit them, (Christ
So bade,) to Lucius' ordinance. The holy women,
That faint again, with sickness of the deep,
Wimpling their eyes, gan weep, for sore constraint.
Fain, would they rest ; but Christ, not yet, appoints
To them, abiding place. At Lucius' word,

To them, is measured corn and bread, so much,
As their lapped Syrian mantles might contain.
Come ready to convoy them, guard of soldiers:
They issue to night stars, and unknown voyage.
Far ways about, by fields, wet with night dew,
Them bring the soldiers down, to Liger's side;
Where lies, their sea-beat hull, yet, bound in staithe:
And them compel aboard: so hew her cords,
With their impatient glaives; and those fall off.
Last shout the soldiers, Give them prosperous voyage,
The gods, and have good-night! Sets Mnason's carrack,
The ebb, out, to mid-stream. A chill night-wind,
Them seaward drives; and weary are their hearts.
Was then, them thought, one swimming from the land,
They hear; and they, eftsoons, know Pistos' voice;
Whose valiant arms buffet, the chilling water:
For he, to come to them, from shore, would take,
Unrightfully, no man's bark. Pistos, the soldier,
Lo, mongst them, dripping, stands, on their ship's board.
He, yester, issued was, from Corbelo, forth,
For some affairs of merchandise of his.

But home returned ; whilst this Galatian sleeps,
He an Heavenly One, beheld, in shining vision !
Bidding him follow Joseph, in ship-voyage ;
With whom is word of the Eternal Life.
He rose then ; and ran forth : nor stayed, take aught,
Out of the house ; but speeding, on his feet,
He met with those returning legionaries.
Of whom he heard, had Lucius sent them forth ;
And how, in their bruised vessel, fleeting were,
Those shipwrecked strangers, from the river's shore.
The saints receive ; and bring dry weed to Pistos.
And marks that Roman soldier, Syrian Joseph,
To be the same he, in his dream, to-night,
Beheld. Last fishers' fires, nigh Liger's mouth,
They lose ; then slumber steeps their weary sense.
When morrow breaks, at sea, with stormy signs ;
They view main-Gaul's Armoric coast, far off!

But when the third day's morning-star is risen ;
Sea-currents set them over, towards an isle :
Where, twixt two rocks, past noon, midst water's race ;
And shoaling now salt tide, their keel sits fast.
They heard soon, from steep cliffs, above, as voice
Of women's chant. Lo, black-stoled women wights !
Yelling, those beat, with crooked hands, their dugs.

Their long white hairs ben all, to the wild gusts,
Uncomely loost. Anon, lo, with linked hands,
They tread together, round, in their mad fit.
Some, then, would cast her down, of the weird women;
But of her distraught sisters, is withholden.
Those rend their cheeks to blood: the cliff, the woods,
As it the flitting Air's fond daughter were,
Which druids feign, a wind-born Nymph, unseen;
(As spark of flint, she wakes; and then laments,
Like one love-pined; nor tarrieth to die!)
Or rock-indwelling Spirit, as Pistos saith;
Make answer, to their shrieks, and outcries shrill.
Pistos then, standing on ship's poop, in speech
Of Gaul, shouts; Noble virgins of the Isle,
Hearken God's message, which in these men's mouths!
But they fling backward, wailing, and were hid.

Tells Pistos, This is Sena's sacred isle,
Wherein have priestess-virgins, nine, abode,
Till death: and ships of Gaul, wont hither sail,
With offerings, and to pray for prosperous voyage.
Strangers, shipwrecked, are holy to their god.
The priestess maids, which may, in sundry shapes,
Transfigure them, (that, from their women's breasts,

They might all pity chace,) of some fell beasts,
As hounds or wolves ; when first decays their strength,
On them wont seize ! and those, for fear, nigh dead,
Hale the weird sisters to dire altar stones ;
Whereas, at set of sun, they slit their gorge ;
And lap, with furious tongues, their lukewarm blood.
Each year is, there, high tide ; when, from the Main,
Come Gauls, Armoricans, and come Venetan Gauls,
In many barks, with captives, taken in wars ;
Which wont they, for good seasons, sacrifice !
  These only, other none, may Sena's shore,
Tread. Shipmen cast, from sea, towards strand, their
    gifts.
Both men and women, victims, there, are slain,
In all the people's viewing. Dread custom is,
The same day, that, those virgins nine rend down,
Their temple house : poor halm-thatcht cote it is ;
But wherein burns a never-dying hearth.
Sith, to some sacred holt, for boughs and reeds,
They wend ; whereof being burdened, (faint with fast,)
Their knees ; if happen any one to slide,
To fall, (which seen most years !) with ghastful shrieks,
Ah, horrid to be told, like haggard hawks,
The rest, her virgin members rend ; and smirched,
With blood, hurl forth, from cliff, her murdered corse.

When any, of these sisters, is deceased,
The rest, from Sena, yell to the fast shore.
Assemble princes, then, of Gaul, and druids,
To hill of the mainland, thereo'er ; which choose,
By sacred lot, with hymns and sacrifices,
One of Gauls' noblest virgins in her room.
And Gauls ween, sovereign spells have those weird women,
To tempests bind, and loose out boisterous winds ;
Aye, and even the wandering stars wrest from their courses !
And leeches' skill of herbs, to heal or hurt.
Salads, and berries wild, ben their most meat.
Sequestered dwells each priestess, in a grot,
Which, in her death, her tomb ; to the cave's mouth,
Rolled a great stone. Is Sena's oracle,
A certain pool, whose well flows from the gods ;
Wherein aught done in heaven, or in the earth,
Or to come on the earth, as in a glass,
Men say, is seen. Whilst Pistos communed, thus,
Is come the hour of evening sacrifice.
Bowing their knees, those lowly friends, of Christ ;
Deliverance ask. In a great silence, Albion,
With sceptre, toucht to Sena's steepling cliff ;
That nods, parts forth, then, ruins to sea-shore !

Whence risen great billow, lifts, to large, their vessel.
Hoised sail, steers Ithobal from that horrid coast ;
Whence dreadful yells sound, that agrise their hearts :
And now the sun sets, on wide glooming waves.
But long gleam Sena's firebrands in the night.
They drive then, forth, three days ; when, from ship's board,
They see new loom of coast, on their right hand.
But when begins fourth morrow, now, to break,
Twixt Gaulish isles, which named in Ithobal's card,
The Säides, they fleet : but set them currents,
Soon, o'er, to greater isles ;[1] which Sarnia hight,
And Cæsarea ; where surging eddies run,
Like cataracts, round about sharp ribs of whinstone.
There many are huge pight stones seen, on green mounds,
The monuments of some antique salvage nation.
Long, sea-streams waft their carrack, to and fro,
Till even, when a strong South wind outblew ;
Which bears them all night o'er high-running billows.
Now dayspring, Ithobal sees certain white cliffs,
Vectis ; whereon, sheep-flocks and herdsmen's cotes.
Then Bur-et-Tanac, that vast island coast :
Tin-land, BRETTANIK sounds, in mouths of Greeks.

[1] The Channel Isles.

Britain looks, silent, from the morning mist,
Expecting the redemption of her children!
All day their hearts, in prayer, to Christ, are knit.
In calm, they fleet, and gaze on that wide shore;
Which Inis-wen, White-island, of the Gauls.
Them bears now in, under that greater Land,
An evening wind. But, when night glooms, they hear,
With hearts' dismay, (for opened ben their ears,)
Sound griesly shrieks, of rushing fiends, in shore,
That Christ goes by their cliffs! and cannot sleep.
Was Bur-et-Tanac, Ithobal tells, of old
Time, land of giants. Come day, their wind-borne carrack,
By cliffs, fleets Westward forth, and covert woods.
Oft plotted fields they see, cotes and plough beasts:
Then some, 'lone fisher, in his bascad boat;
(Like sea-fowl's nest, which swims on wide salt flood,)
That, with his spear, strikes fish. The brethren mark,
They ben themselves unseen, whereas they pass!
By many a foreland, and by many a ness;
By many a bay, they fleet, and river's mouth.
The fifth day, driving, nigh Britannic coast;
They fall, at ebb, mongst holms, where dies the wind.
Eftsoon made fast their ship to wrack-swart rocks,

Men leap to land: where Cypriots gather eggs,
Of fowl, whence ring these skerries, with wild cries;
And salads pluck the saints, in sappy grass.
These isles, deems Ithobal, are Œstrymnides,[1]
Or Sigdeles; where pilots of tin ships,
Have seen a people dwelling, without use
Of money; but wont trade to nigh mainland:
Where men of stature, giants, with mighty arms,
Have delved deep pits, and mountains overthrown.
Go clad those islanders, in swart solemn stoles,
Of lawn, aye bearing long wands in their hands;
And is, of goats' milk, their most sustenance:
And booths, of their beasts' fells, have those for bowers;
Who winter-long, whenas no shipfare, sleep.
Is, also, fame, strange custom mongst them, holds;
(Those hating eld,) when man's first age is spent;
In hope of some new birth, to happier life,
Taking each other's hands, many, from cliff,
Hangs o'er wild waves, with cry to saviour gods,
Down-leap! so die they, drenched, in salt sea-deep.
All turned, with rising tide, again to ship;
Them wafts now misty wind, with rain, all night.
And they, at dawning ray, Belerion leave,

[1] Perhaps the Scillies.

Last End-of-land. Next day, Ierne's coast,
Christ's little flock see ; and salute, with Peace !
Land of green meadows, at world's utmost brink.
From Erinn seas, great Albion shapes their course,
To Britain in. They, night-time, Lundy pass,
Whence, like to stars in heaven ; in deep sea-streams,
Ten thousand burning lamps seem light their path :
The angel speeds their ship, the saints sleep fast.
Ere dawn, now, Albion, in a river's mouth,
Them guides : appearing then, in dream, to Joseph,
He signifies the end of their ship-voyage.

Behold, new birth of the long-dying night,
How day, with cheerful face, is springing wide !
Sounds, of small fowl, the mingled sweet consent,
From river-brinks, of Britain's underwoods,
Warbeling God's love, among their leafy bowers.
On trembling, lightsome, wings, blithe lavrock mounts.
With *iss-iss !* shrill, sheen swallows flit aloft ;
And chants, from thicket-grove, 'lone nightingale.
Are golden bees borne-by, on dawn's sweet breath,
To dewy hills. Hark cushots, sobbing soft.
Like unto bride, seems this fair land, adorned.
Beat, once, his mighty wings, their angel-guard ;
And mounts, to view, who worthy them receive ;

That bear the words of Life. And he discerned
One AMATHON, who a bountiful rich lord,
And upright, in dark places of the druids ;
That seemed the man an heavenly providence.
But slumber on the eyelids of the saints,
Yet Albion lays : until this blissful sun,
Warming the field, is climbed now high in heaven.
Then, waked, they come up, in the hatch, amazed,
These river shores to see, on either hand ;
Britain's sweet soil ! Seals lift their hoary heads,
Like hounds, from this salt flood, on them, to gaze.
The Syrian women might not choose but weep,
To see a land, which seemeth them to receive.
Now ebbs the flood : on shelves, their keel sits fast.
When water no more, under them, appears,
They let down ladders. Then to land grope forth,
The saints, like unto Noah, in a new Earth.
Phelles and Ithobal marvel, viewed their bilge,
With gaping seams, that it could storms outride !
Then all they, kneeling, lowly, on salt strand ;
In looking up to heaven, do yield God thanks,
Which hath them saved. And sith an hymn they sing.
And when they Joseph's vision understand,
Who it recounts : how God here gives them rest ;

The saints their needful things bear forth to land ;
Till afternoon, when they, on Britain's earth,
Break bread of Christ, and dine, with thankful hearts.
They view, then, the fair aspect of this shore.
Above, yond hazel-brinks and hanging woods ;
Where some ones, gone up, under bramble bank,
With ivy o'er-grown and the sweet-smelling briar,
Whereunder primrose blows and the blue flower ;
Find wonne, delved, underground, as garner were :
And for none better herberge, in that place,
They make it neat ; and fence from wind and wet ;
With sailcloths, which had Phelles fetched from ship.
Ended this hasty work, the sun dismounts.
Long now is twilight, in the parts of Britain.
The brethren there remove. Sith, kindled fires,
They sit, their hearths around, in stranger land.
The Levite Barnaby, lifting up glad voice,
Among the saints, then, prophesied ; and he spake :
Our eyes, this day, have seen far heathen coast ;
Beyond the seven floods. God sent His angel,
Who saved us, hither, out of raging gulf,
(Paths of great waters, in the broken ship,)

Lord, of Thine untamed greatest creature, DEEP:
That infinite Mother, of live's things; which move,
In her salt bosom; untamed as fierce winds,
That o'er her strive! To whom Thou gavest, of old,
The clouds, for garment. Lifted Deep her hands,
Her wrestling stormy hands, gainst Mnason's vessel!
But God, to Whom be praise; for ever and ever,
Who Father is of all, wills this sea-isle,
Wherein He maketh the glory of His Sun,
Also, to shine; through preaching of the WORD,
Which in our hearts, were LAND OF CHRIST, henceforth:
Sing, *Amen*, *halelu-yah*,[1] land of Christ!
O, praise Him, in the Height! our weary hearts.
The brethren-saints, with Barnaby, loud, give thanks.

[1] Praise-ye Jah.

God of all Comfort! they, *hosanna!*[1] chant.
Those pray together, then, in Christ, and sleep.
Labours the moon and wades, in scudding rack;
And soon is swallowed-up, in gloom, the night.
Bellow blind vaulted heavens, with lightnings, rent;
And rock the pillars of the firmament!
Thick rain, abroad, falls, seething, in the grass.
Roar the swart rooted pines, before huge blast;
And nod the stedfast oaks, on the hill's brinks.
Plunges, beneath, on moorlines, Mnason's ship,
In the vext tide. Sudden, a thrilling lightning,
Smote the wind-shaken carrack; that, riven, drives forth:
Her mast is split, her poop; her tackling burst,
Upon the wind-scourged torment of the water.
Toward day, now was, when this strong tempest ceased;
And shine the starry signs, anew, in heaven.
Erst, when fair Dawn, out of her silver gates,
With dewy pitchers, in her hands and crowned,
With vermeil roses, treads forth, in wide East,
And shines, before the sun, gold-glittering path;
The saints awaken. Ithobal then went forth:
And first, that mariner looked, to skies, aloft;
Sith down to river-brink, to see his carrack.

[1] Save, we pray.

How amazed stands Ithobal! How? Is there no ship!
Eftsoons he makes, then, count of sore night-tempest!
Whose signs, the bough-strewn hill-side: green rent locks;
Of yond, lo, broken ash! this laid, drowned, grass.
This mould, too, fretted of new watercourses!

The brethren choose, then, four men out, by lot,
By twos, to wend; and view the land, and look
For Mnason's ship. Phelles, with Aristobulus;
With Shalum, Alexander. Upland, pass
These; seaward those, the shores along to search.
Sought Aristobulus down, by the salt tide,
Till noon; when Phelles, climbed, by thicket rocks,
Their stranded keel, mongst yonder shelves, descries.
Even whilst they gaze, strange thing is come to pass!
Rushing from seaward, tumbling heady billow,
The *Eagor*! whose long spumy crest o'er-rides,
The ship: and all her frame of beams and boards,
Dissolves. Soon then, upon that race of water,
It rising up, like some vile basket work;
Is carried down, again, on windy flood.
Come to the valley's brow, that other pair,
A land discern, as laurel Gilead!

Lawns, crofts, eared fields, they view, holts, lofty woods ;
Oaks, which had Britain's antique soil brought forth,
Ere Israel was a nation ! Till the sun,
To mid-height, draws, they went : under wood-shaw,
Then sit, awhile, to rest, for weariness.
Those wander forth, anew, at afternoon :
Then met with them, in green wood solitude,
One who spake, Peace ! in tongue of Canaan :
And they stood, speechless ; for his countenance was,
Like unto his, (than whom, of women, born,
Is greater none,) which, erst, baptized in Jordan :
And in whose neck, they saw shine wound of sword !
His visage like the dawn ; and seemed as gold,
Which, in a furnace gleams, the prophet's hairs :
And cast his Nazarite raiment parfume forth,
Of heavenly places. And seemed John to stand,
Betwixt two oaks ; and whose boughs seemed then burn,
Yet were their leaves not withered. And the son
Of Zechariah, outstretched, (that crystal seemed,)
His hand ; and spake to Shalum, Feed Christ's Flock !
And comfort ye my brethren, with this voice.

And John, being lifted up, before them went ;
And, at the border of a grove, this vision
Was parted from them ; which they saw no mo.
As dazed, those longwhile linger, by the way.
Nor much, ere setting sun, they come again.
Among the saints, then, sitting, silent, down,
Perceive the brethren, those had seen some vision !
But, after prayer ; when they have tasted meat,
And strengthened were their hearts, they, looking up,
To heaven, give thanks : and, sith, they tell the church,
What vision they of John, to-day, have seen.
And was not John declared, to be Elias,
Of the Lord's lips ; which was, before the Christ,
To come ? When this new thing have heard the saints,
To end ; with joy exceeding, they rejoice ;
Oft singing hymns, oft praying, on their knees.
And loud Thy name ; as they outwatch the night,
Resounds, O Christ, on this far heathen coast !
The same night, Ithobal, Phelles and old Malchus,
With Pistos, lifting up, in one, their voice,
Require to be baptized, unto Christ's death ;
And Joseph grants. Clear shine the holy stars,
As they, together, wend down to salt shore ;
Where bubbling spring upwells, in the clean sand.
The brethren follow, singing all sweet lauds.

Then he, whose hands washed Jesus' body, dead,
Poured living waters, on those bowed-down heads.
And the eyes of all were opened ; and beheld
They, as a great cloud of witnesses, in heaven,
Angels, like stars, in high ascending ranks ;
And that, (which seemeth some musick of the spheres,
As gentiles feign,) o'er them, with harps, rejoice.
When mount they up, from thence, singing sweet lauds,
Are radious Malchus' and his fellows' looks ;
That seems a star, on each their fronts, to sit.
And come again, yet trembling, to their lodge ;
The saints salute them, with an holy kiss ;
And shaken was the floor, beneath their feet.
But they are flesh, and must have timely rest ;
So lay them down, when now far-spent the night,
And dew of kindly sleep falls on their hearts.
The silver-paved morn, when they awake,
Shines as vast holy temple, in the East ;
And pearling dew lies on each spire of grass.
They kneeling down, in pure aparted place,
Pray, as this sun, might go before them Christ ;
With signs, which should bear witness of their troth.

Now drew to afternoon, when living shout,

Of Briton herdsmen, sounds, from holt to croft!
With bleating voice of sheepy multitude;
That troop down, o'er hill's brow, upon green bent;
And deep-mouthed bark of hounds. Standing on craigs,
Those hirds cast stones, and send, with confused shouts,
Out their loud curs. The brethren, after meat,
Were sitting in their bower; and lay did sing,
Of Galilæan fishers, on the lake:
They cease; but might not, more, the saints be hid.
Eftsoons the shepherds' hounds smell to their lodge;
And crouching howl, now fearful whine and bay;
So that those hirds run-to, with bats and stones;
Looking for some fell beast. How, amazed, they stand,
Mongst thorny craggéd arms of bramble bush;
To see new face of men, in raiment strange!
They chide their curs; and gazing on these strangers,
The herdwights stand, upleaning on their cromes.
The men, are breeched with fells of their sheep's fleece:
On their large shoulders, hang long gabans warm.
How seem those angel-fair, with yellow locks!

The elder shepherd, called-off his loud curs,
Them chaceth far with stones. He and his sons,
Before their bower, then, sitting, on green grass ;
Bewonder still those strangers' reverend looks !
But opened, in Armoric tongue, good Pistos,
His mouth, quoth ; Peace ! Nor marvel, Friends, these strangers,
Whose keel was cast now on your river's coast,
Be servants of High God, of all wide earth.
The elder herdman, sent a son, for milk ;
Which when they had drank out, that Briton hailed
The strangers, guests ! and, Dylan, named himself,
Set o'er the flocks of rich lord Amathon,
Who the desire should fulfill of their hearts.
Then Dylan sent his sons, to mind the flocks :
And bring (he shouts,) when they return, gainst eve,
Some yearling lamb, to supper of their guests !
Then Dylan went himself, to gather wood.

The sun was westing, on the strangers' lodge ;
When Dylan, herdman, kindles fire, with flint :
Then drive a bleating ram in, his hird-sons.
Their father, drawn, from sheath, broad skene of bronze ;
Carves the lamb's gorge, that yields rife, gurgling blood.

His young men dress the flesh ; which dredged, with salt,
And flour, on the live coals, on spits, they roast.
With basket then of bread, they set, the best,
On cleanly burdock leaves, before their guests.
Give thanks the brethren, naming the Lord Christ,
And stretcht their right hands forth, they take and eat.
Dylan brings smooth milk bowls, when they have supped,
Mingled with the sweet labour of wild bees :
Then asks of them, their land and parentage ?
Dylan sith watchfires shows them, on nigh hill,
Saying, is dune of his lord Amathon :
So wends, wrapped in his pilch, ere middle night,
To lay him down, amongst his folded flocks.
But ere bright daystar beckons from the East,
That herdman rose, so took his knotty staff ;
And sallies the next way, to Amathon's dune ;
Tiding, to bring his lord, of shipwrecked wights.
The sun was risen, an hour, o'er hills of Britain.
When three, by the saints' bower, ruddy young men,
Clad in fresh lawn, and leaning on bright spears,
Stand ; mighty of limb, and wearing broidered *saies*.
The men are noble youth of Amathon's dune ;
Whom sends that sire, with honour, to convey
Men shipwrecked, from far coasts, to be his guests.

The saints perceive their words, through mouth of
Pistos:
And they it deeming will of Christ, with Joseph,
Them follow forth. But Dylan's sons took up,
And bear, on their strong shoulders, the guests' stuff,
Before them, to hill-brink; where, for them, wait,
Lo, ox-wains, which lord Amathon now hath sent.
Pass on, before them, those young lords, in chariot.

The tardy oxen them, in deep land-way,
Draw forth; and cattle-trodden is their path.
To every thorny thicket, hangs much fleece;
And smells this Britain soil, of herds and flocks!
They wend, amidst their voyage, by altar-stone:
Gore-smeared it is, and heavy were their hearts,
Musing of the dark places of Gauls' druids;
And cleave to Christ, within their straitened breasts.
Sith they mount up, by covert of high hill,
To Amathon's hold, which cattle-camp and dune.
Come, then, to brow, they Britons' rampire pass,
Of gaunt felled trunks, and hoarded on them, earth,
And stones: so enter gate, on whose twin-posts,
See, graven, gore-daubed, grinning, images!
By street of halm-thatcht cabans, high-tressed, round,
Of osier wands, they wend; each set in close

Of willow studs. Here children run and shout,
With rush-rings on their heads, and daisy chains,
About their necks, blowing loud shawms of grass :
Day is of people's feast, for battle past.
Heard shrieking axe-trees, waggon's rumbling noise,
Come Britons forth : they follow, gathering rife,
The strangers' wain ; which halts, soon, in void place ;
Where, foursquare, in the midst, stands, framed of boards,
The lord's mead-hall, and common council house.
The beasts, uphold their drivers, at this porch,
Horrid with many horns of salvage beasts,
And jowls of bears and wolves : amongst them, seen,
Hang blackened polls, of this land's enemies !
At door, without, stand many spears upleaned,
Of them that sit therein ; and confused sounds,
In the saints' ears, thence, murmur of men's voices.
Lighted the brethren, and veiled holy women ;
The door-ward leads them in-forth, by the hand.
Now, when they light discern, in that dim place,
Which hath, to window, louver of the thatch ;
They, in the upper hall, see Amathon sit,
On an high stool ; lord of this Briton folk :
And chief ones, sit, on benches, round the walls.
Is strewn their floor, with sweet-green juniper ;

Whereon the Britons tread, with shoveling feet ;
That turn now all, to make the strangers room.
To this land-ruler, bend the saints their necks ;
And, reverent, lay their hands upon their breasts !
On polished stools, then, they before him sit.
Lord Amathon goodly greets them, with mild voice ;
And thus his Briton words, interprets Pistos :
Were never unkind, unto shipwrecked wights,
Dumnonian folk, which worship a sea-god.
Benign of aspect, ruddy, is this land's sire.
Whose beard and locks are as the surges hoary :
Is none of all, which here before him sit,
That have seen Amathon's youth. Rich lord, in sheep,
He is ; and father, to his Briton folk.
So cometh in lady Bara ; who is wife,
Of this long-agéd lord. She comely, yet,
Is, yellow-haired. And Bara, Salema calls,
And Sabra, abroad : so beckons to the rest,
(The brethren) ; that gin Bara follow forth ;
Where, in another hall, which the bed-house,
Ben bowers and hearth, and meat prepared for guests.

But sitting, in their common council-hall,
Britons entreat of war. Some, yet, blue-faced,
(As stained with warlike woad,) returned from fight,

In foreland, looks towards swart Silures' coast,
O'er wide salt-streaming Hafren.[1] Amathon's son,
Kowain, put to the worse his father's foes:
And thence, brought, home, hath many captives.
Amathon,
Would send those, eftsoon, bound, to king Duneda;
His lord, and all Dumnonia's[2] sire, in Isca.[3]
Touching those strangers, had the herdman, Dylan,
To Amathon told already; and how appeased,
The whiles he communed with those shipwrecked
wights,
(Which seemed him marvellous thing,) were his old
aches!
Now Kowain hath an only beloved child,
Lies very sick; and help none healing herbs,
The babe; nor whispered spells of druids. With Dylan,
Come Kowain, in, then, to the strangers' bowers;
That prince besought, touching the strangers' knees,
In Britons' guise, them, of some healing. Eve
Now was: and rose, admonished of an angel,
Joseph; and Pistos takes with him and Shalum.
Then, in dim street, they go with Kowain, forth.
And, lo, in that they wend, a gusty wind,
Sudden, this young lord's broidered saie outblows,

[1] The Severn river. [2] Now Devon. [3] Now Exeter.

From his large shoulders ; where appears, wide wound,
Which he hath hid, not closed. Kowain's fresh looks,
Sith days, men marked, discoloured, wan ; and cause
Was thrust-down spear of ambushed enemy,
From oak's thick boughs, where he rode-by, in grove.
Took Joseph, who beheld, him, by the hand ;
And looking up to heaven, whence cometh our help !
He toucht that rankling sore ; and made, it was,
Whole. Kowain, musing, in that they wend forth,
This stranger, in his secret, deemed a god.

From twilight path, they enter Kowain's house.
Is this, where burning torches, at the porch.
And comes to them, anon, prince Kowain's wife ;
Who, in her bosom, bears a fainting child.
Then Joseph, full of prayer, Christ's healing hands,
Lays on this sick ; and smiles the gentile babe :
And from that moment, she recovers health.
And joy the saints ; unto whom reveals the Spirit,
God's name should glorify this little maid !
And she it is ; which surnamed Claudia, sith,
Was spouse to Pudens,[1] in great gentile Rome.

To-day, in their moot-hall, concluded was,
Kowain should lead his captives to Duneda.
Bethinks him Amathon, also, with his son,

[1] 2 Tim. iv. 21.

To send those shipwrecked strangers ; to Caer Isca.
Should some tin-ship them, when occasion serve,
Convey, with gifts, thence to Gaul's Continent.
Kowain would, to those shipwrecked guests, give meed :
But will those naught, save needful sustenance.
Bake Bara and Hirfryd, wife to Kowain, bread ;
And they, with their own hands, prepare, to-night,
What else were needful to the strangers' voyage.
Cloth they, good store, (and those have need of cloth,)
And yarn, in wain, bestow ; which should to-morrow,
Those shipwrecked, to Caer Isca, convey forth.

And now is morning-red of the third day,
When should prince Kowain ride. The saints be risen ;
And cometh soon, to his guests, lord Amathon :
So brings abroad, amongst his people's press ;
That, for their sick, seek healing to the gate.
Lifts Joseph, in the way, his hands, to bless !
They see then, bounden on long chains, without,
Stand Kowain's captives ; ready those to march :
Part-naked wights, yet woad-stained from the war ;
That stare derne enmity, on this hostile ground !

And there, with wains, stand yokes, joined to the beams,
Of tardy beves ; ready for Amathon's guests.
They, of Amathon, there, take leave ; and they him bless.
Were those not ridden a mile, down, to the plain ;
When Dylan, herdman, coming from the folds,
Them hails ! and standing by the path, prays Joseph,
Those cheeses, of his ewes' milk, to receive :
And still have memory of Dylan, and his sons ;
What time they pray, to that Alfather God.
The lenten sun, uprising, smiles on Britain ;
Whose flowery leas, as tappets shine, of Tyre.
The saints chant temple-songs, with a glad voice :
And merrily sing their waggoners, as they wend.
What for spring's early light, and this new warmth ;
The sun now waxing daily in his strength ;
And that shrill warbeling lavrocks mount aloft,
Is fallen new summer blitheness, in all hearts.
Silures only, in their captive plight,
Wend sad-faced ; of whom many bear war-wounds.
Aye, and deadly would those wreak them, and had might
Their bounden hands ; that so are they scourged forth,

And mocked of their impatient adversaries,
Dumnonians armed, that follow them, to-horse.
Knee-deep, tread forth the kine, in golden grass,
The aery butterflies, lo, before their horns,
Disport mongst blissful flowers ; which, from the dew,
Lift virgin looks, to heaven's bright warmth aloft.
But being come down, now midday, to steep ford ;
They stream, whereon they sailed, in ship, there pass.
Sith, leaving them ; with few, rides Kowain forth :
Ere night, should those be come, to king Duneda.
Beyond, they journey, in much twilight wood ;
Under whose crooked boughs, uneath is path.
From end to end, men say, of all this forest,
Might squirrel leap, and never light to ground.
From thence, they now, o'er moorland large, ascend,
Till afternoon : when, under crags, they halt ;
And waggoners loose, to pasture, out their beasts.
Those, gathered halm and boughs, kindle great fires,
Fence from the midgy swarms, and the night cold ;
Which wont be tart in that high solitude.
Partake the Syrians, with those captives sad,
Of such thing as they have. Then wonder was,
Whilst those eat bread, which, in the name of Christ,
Hath Joseph blessed, assuaged were their old wounds!

Communing Pistos, with the captives' guard,
Hears eremites dwell in Dartmoor ; some in holes,
Other in hollow trunks ; some even, like birds,
In lofts of wattled boughs. Men, lean with fast,
That not long live ; for in that forlorn heath,
Those only, of wilding thing, they find, wont eat ;
But run continually on, towards the Sun :
Nor seld is seen, when druid falls dying spent,
Upon earth's mould, and no more may remove ;
That fill, seed-gathering ants, with grains, his mouth,
Of the wild grass ; and bees still on his lips,
Their sweet. And those (for evil they repute
Our life,) as men already dead, do live !
Opinion, of a certain Eryr, hold
They all : which Eryr, had, strange eagle bird,
With long bright wings, from mountain of the gods,
An infant, brought ; and him, on thatch, deposed,
Of the king's house. But Eryr, eagle named,
Deceased of late. Yet say those eremites ;
He is not dead. At his behest, they laid
His sacred corse, under a river's bed.
Day breaks, in the Dartmoor, with driving mist.
Nor had they journeyed, slowly, a full league ;
When feeble shout, before their creaking wains,
Heard : and a fleshless arm, lo, midst thick reek,

Forbids to pass! They view some old pined druid,
In woollen garment white, trembling and pale,
With long hoar hairs ; and he, with hollow voice,
Cries, Halt! for, here, is brow of precipice!
Had this run, rumour heard of wains and whips,
To stay and save, men waggoners, from that death.
Bellow, for fear, the oxen looking forth,
From windy cliff. That druid then, somewhile, gazing,
Upon the strangers ; spread, as if he prayed,
His two lean hands : and so, not looking back,
Forthpassed. Gainst noon, descended from that path ;
They travail, in much sand, which Teign down-rolls,
That river's cragged ford, to overwade.
Soon then, from far, the royal dune, Caer Isca,
The saints behold, with wall and turrets crowned.
Come to Esk river ; they are ferried o'er.
Then gladly, afoot, those Syrians gin ascend,
Towards Isca, in sun-shining meadow's path.
Lo, in yond bent, hold Britons warlike games!
Career of shining battle chariots!
And horsemen toss the javelin : mongst whom, Kowain,
Discern the brethren. He unto them rides :
And asked, erst, of their welfare ; that prince leads

Them forth, to gate of king Duneda's town :
Where citizens gather fast, on them to gaze.
They enter Isca street ; and, busy, sounds
Iron noise, whereas they mount, of smitten arms.
Come the king's harbingers, soon, unto them there,
In fresh array ; men wearing, in their hands,
Long wands, which them saluting ; by steep path,
Strangers, uplead, to king Duneda's court ;
Which walls, on yonder hilly height, enclose.
In bowers, are they there, lodged, of the king's guests ;
Which valley wide surviews, to the sea-side ;
And nigh to tower, whereon men stand, which watch,
Far out ; for their, returning, river's ships.
Goes low, to golden evening, this day's sun :
Come milky kine home lowing, to their byres,
Driving them maidens, from yond river leas.
Then set, before the saints, are Briton messes,
Corn sod in broth, with flesh of sheep, and milk,
And mead. And they, that hungry are, giving thanks,
Doubt not in Jesus' name, both drink and eat.
Thereafter Kamlan, steward of the house,
Of king Duneda, to an inner hall,
Them leads ; where that king sits ; and lo, with Kowain,

(Who them commended hath, in Amathon's name,
Already to Duneda,) at tables, plays.
A prince of ruddy cheerful countenance,
Past his mid age, is this Dumnonian sire ;
In council wise, and, from his youth, renowned,
Both for high worth, and valiant deed in arms.
Well is he taught, in sapience of the druids,
And antique chant ; a lover of the muse ;
Who gives all entertainment at his court,
In whom aught knowledge found, or good desert.
To Isca's royal dune, from Gaul's mainland,
Wont, yearly, many noble youth resort ;
To learn there chanted discipline of pale druids.
Duneda rules the Britons' Summer-land,
Which Duffreynt named. The king, who, with mild voice,
Those shipwrecked greets, enquires of their long voyage,
Through Pistos. They continue, here, he saith,
His guests ; till time, when he by some tin-ship,
Might send them, homeward, to Gauls' Continent.
With that, the noble king dismissed, to rest,
Sea-weary saints. Those marked, as they went forth,
Led in, those captives, polled now whose long locks ;
To be condemnéd of their enemies !

That night, was Joseph troubled, in his dreams ;
Him seems, the captives showed him their gyved hands !
He roused from slumber, Pistos, asks ; what deems he,
Of such war-captives, were the punishment ?
Who answers, Mongst free Gauls, would some be given,
To kindred of the slain, to thrall or kill ;
The rest reserved, for druids' sacrifices,
Which, yearly, offered to their bloody gods :
And, namely, in summer feast of the Sunwend,
When Gauls build tree-high osier-stagéd frame,
Stayed with bronze chains, twixt two sere trunks of oaks ;
Which filled with stubble, and smeared with tallow and pitch,
Full-stived of malefactors and fell beasts,
Kindle mad druids ; and dance the people round.
Who burn cast dreadful yells, to that war-goddess,
Which named is Andates. Good Joseph waked
The saints. Then all they wrestle, in Christ's name,
In fervent prayer, for those poor heathen souls.
The captives, which lie bounden, in foul ward,
All full of creeping things, low underground,
The same hour, saw, shine, in their prison-pit,

A marvellous light ; and one beheld, like Joseph,
The stranger ; calls them, from uneasy rest,
Bidding them rise, go forth. And, in that, loost,
Both bands and chains, fell down, from off their flesh.
Nor they yet fully wake, see their strong doors,
Stand open wide ! and see how nod without,
Their warders, on their arms. With stealing foot ;
They come up, passed the stairs, into the street,
Of halm-thatcht cotes. Then, drooping, on their bench,
They see the porters sit, by Isca gates :
Those drowse, in heavy sleep, and rout ! There lifted
The balk ; the fugitives all wend freely forth !
Being come these to themselves ; those, erst, take thought,
To scape to some nigh wood. Sith Isca's stream,
They overswimming ; on some rotten bark,
Have lighted, which lay mongst thick river-reeds.
Groped all to this, part-swimming on the ebb ;
Those, longwhile, fleet down : take then land, where hard
Rock shows none footprint. Sith, on, by sea-brink,
By night, they went: yet shroud them, like wild beasts,
At rising moon, among the crooked cliffs.

At day, was heard loud outcry of the watch ;
Silures scaped from the king's prison-house !
Run hastily archers, then, of the king's guard,
With bandogs, to Esk river, in pursuit.
Those hounds bay, questing, there, mongst thicket reeds !
Sun gleams, uprisen now, on far river's mouth :
Wherein, with stranger sail, seen, enter ship ;
Which seems, approaching, of Armoric fashion,
And puts-in, likely, to this hythe, for victual,
Or shelter ; whereas shipwrights of good fame.
Bound to the quays, nigh noon, that vessel lies ;
Whose master, to the king's mead-hall, ascends.

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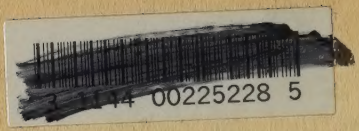
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